

Leviathan

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palestine
women

soledad



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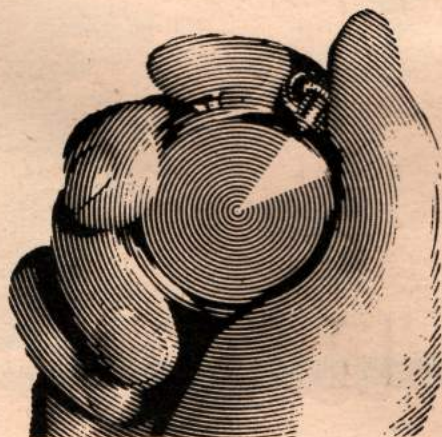
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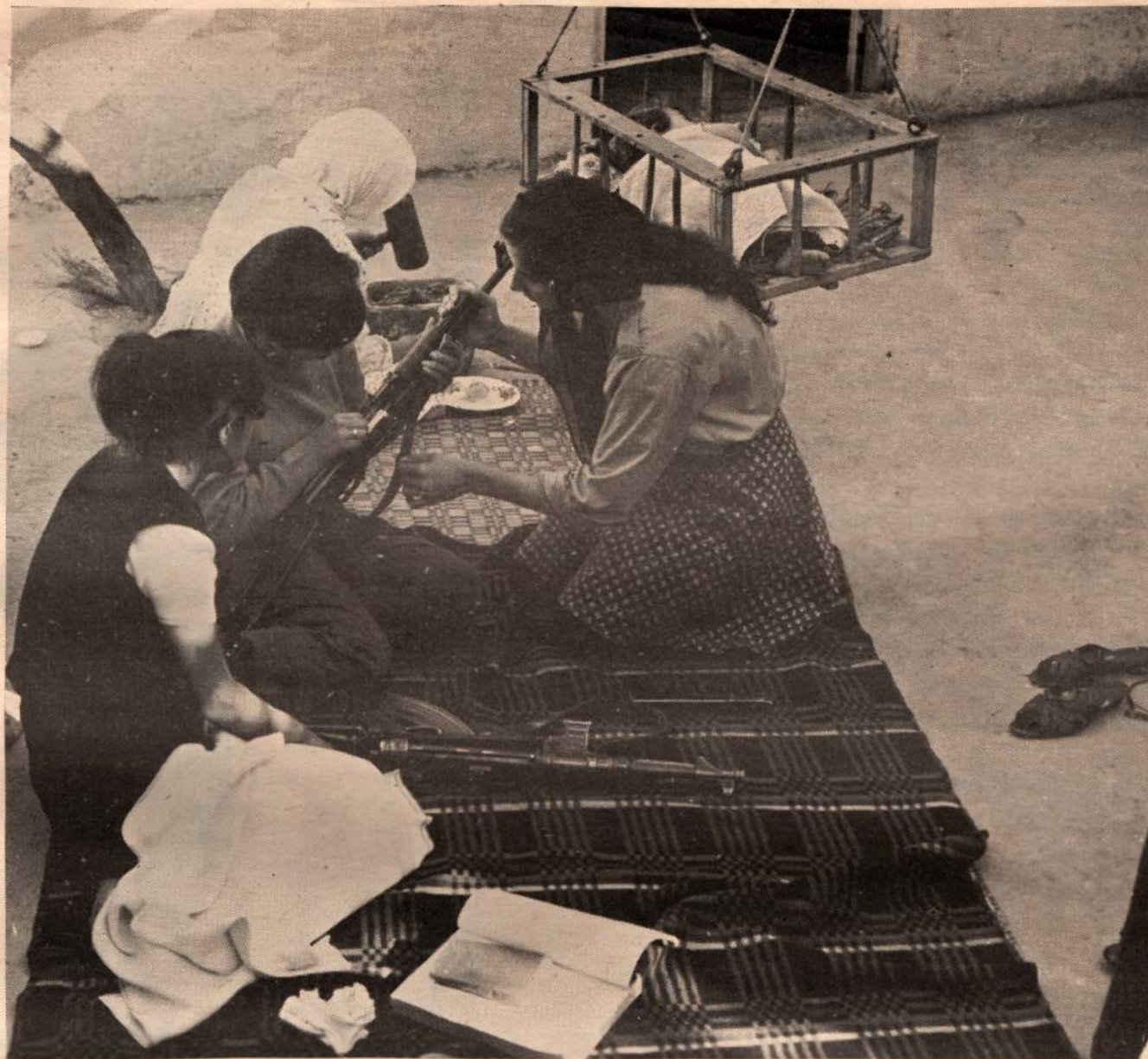
P.S. Cuba for Beginners, our last issue, is the work of Rius (Eduardo del Rio), Mexican cartoonist, in case you didn't notice.

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Alex Anna Bob Brad Carole David
Dennis Kattly Peter Seymour Suzanne

PEOPLES WAR



photo/jeffrey blankfort

PALESTINE

The Palestinian resistance is in a transitional phase from guerrilla war to people's war. Below sea level in the arid heat of the Jordan Valley and in the mountainous Arkoub of southern Lebanon are scattered the guerrilla bases of the resistance. Every night bands of men cross the border back into their homeland, disrupting the economy, communications, and defenses of the occupying Israelis.

In the Palestinian refugee camps of Lebanon and throughout Jordan the families and neighbors of the fedayeen at the front are being mobilized. Thousands of adults and teenagers are training with the people's militia. Children are spending their after-school hours learning the geography of the homeland they have never seen and the parts of the Klashinkov rifle. Women are emerging from their traditional place in the home to discuss politics and study explosives in special women's centers. Workers and peasants are accelerating their struggle for improved economic conditions in the political context of the national liberation movement.

(From a forthcoming article by Sheila Ryan and George Cavaletto of Liberation News Service on the Palestinian Resistance.)



Photo/SF Newsreel



El Fateh Militia graduation ceremony, Amman, Jordan, 1970.

Photo/Jeffrey Blankfort



Photo/SF Newsreel

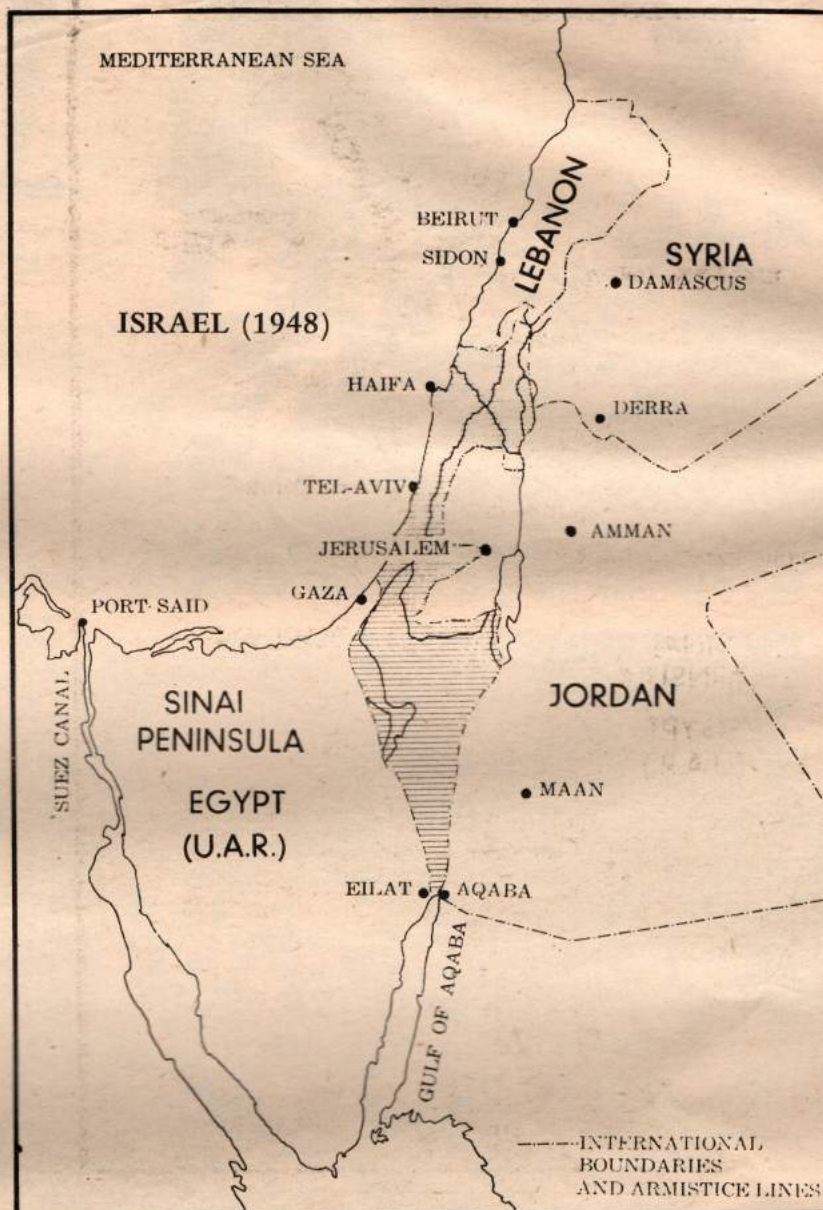
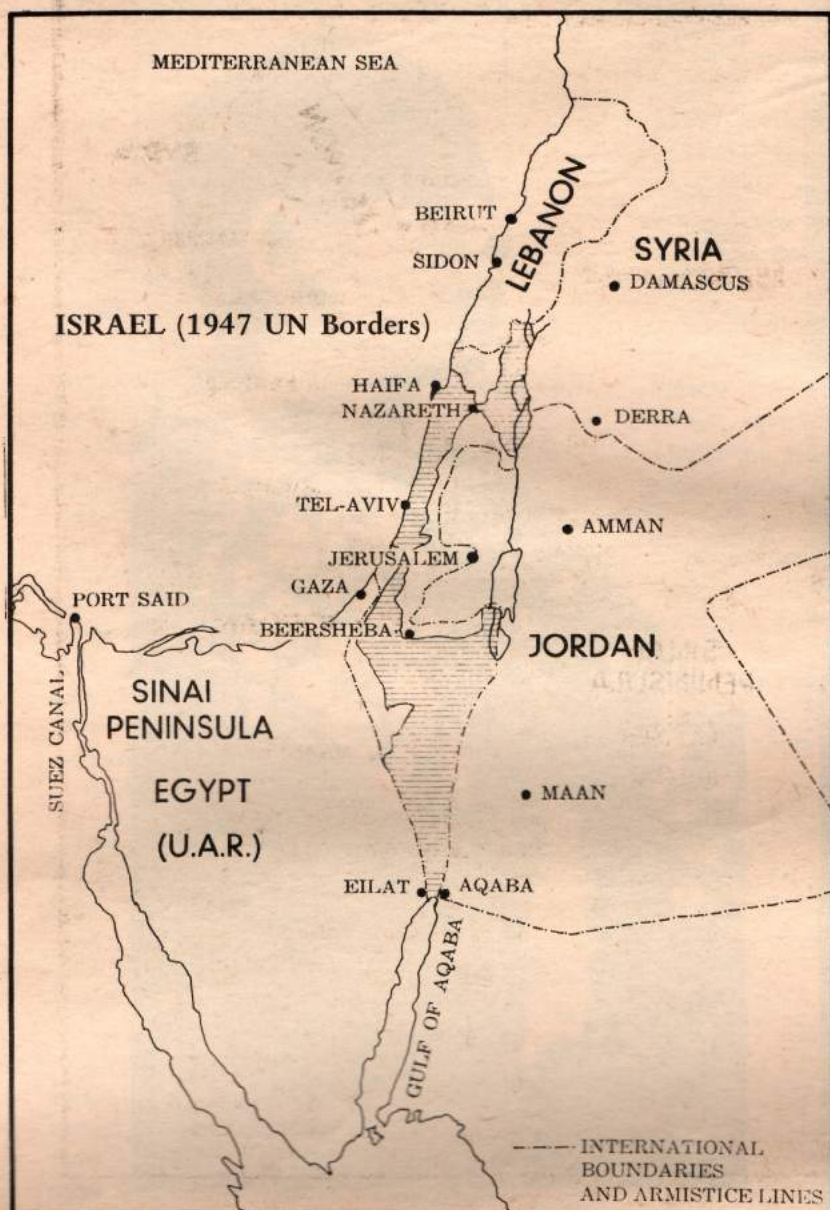


Photo/Jeffrey Blankfort



A political meeting of Palestinian-Jordanian women, a project of the Democratic Popular Front.

Photo/Jeffrey Blankfort



Rabbi Fischman, member of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, to the United Nations Special Committee of Inquiry, July 9, 1947: "The Promised Land extends from the River of Egypt up to the Euphrates. It includes parts of Syria and Lebanon."

PROMISED

1

Anti-semitism is racism when it is directed against Jewish people. Anti-semitism, like all forms of racism, can be ended by changing the society that supports racist ideas. People get their ideas about other people from the society around them, not out of their own heads. So there is nothing mysterious or permanent about racism. Proof of this is that in Cuba today there is full cultural and religious freedom for Jews; also, there is no longer any discrimination against black people.

2

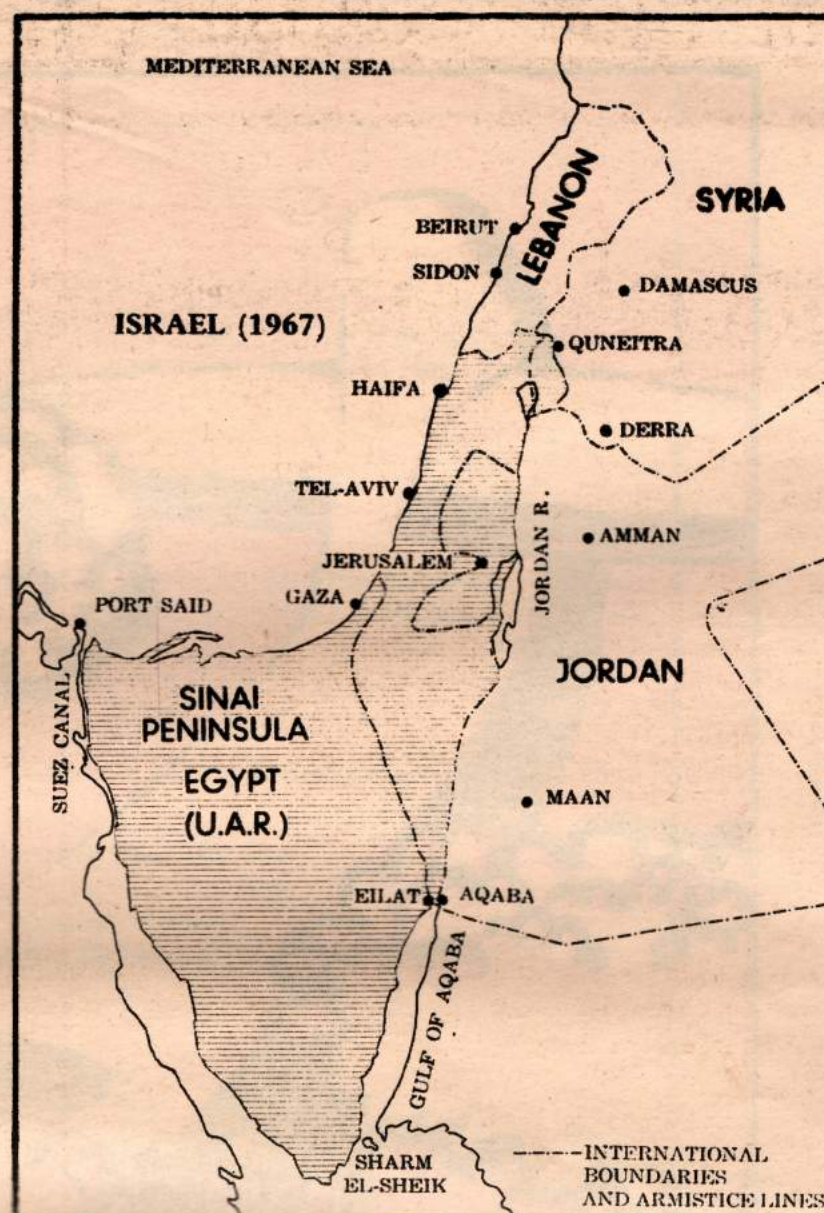
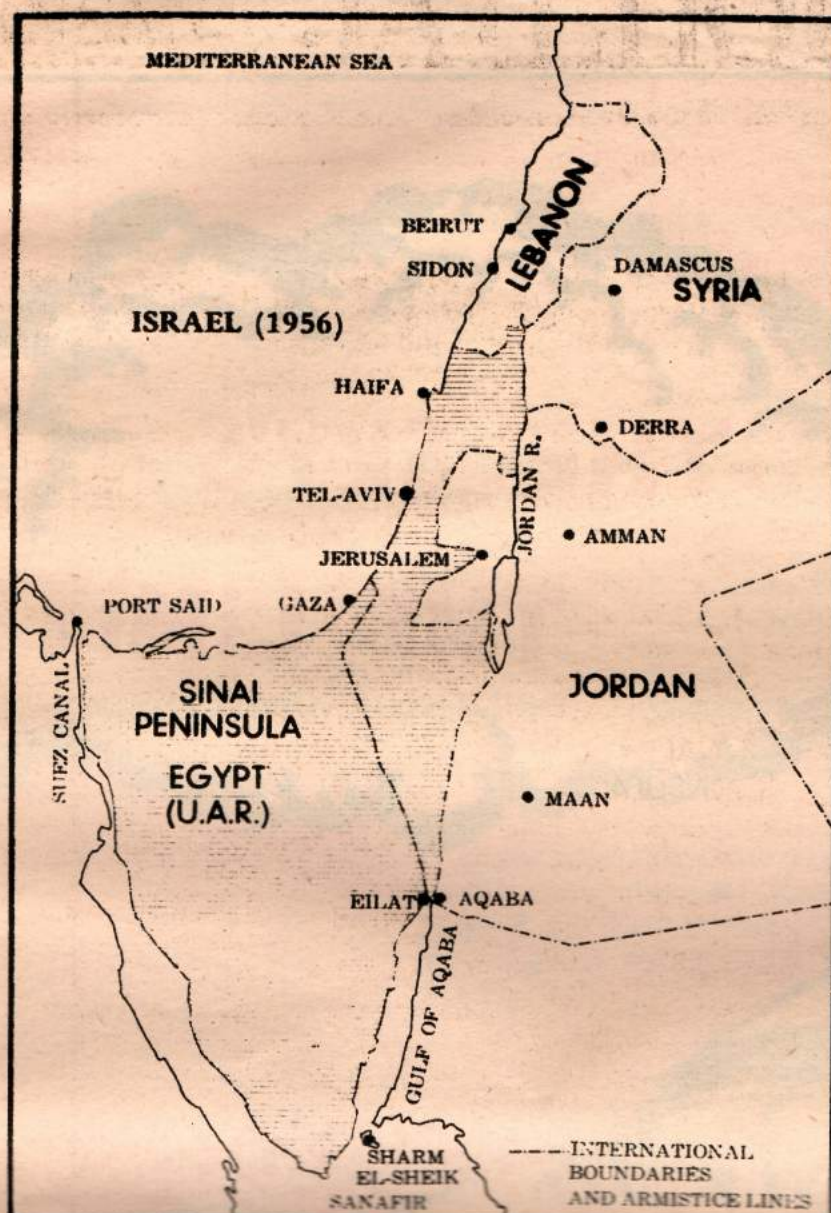
Anti-zionism is the struggle against the Zionist movement. This movement, which began in the 19th century, planned to bring Jews from all over the world into Palestine, where they would set up a Jewish state, replacing the Arab state that was already there.

To do this, the Zionists had to expel the majority of the Palestinian people and make them refugees. Weitz, the director of the Jewish Agency's colonization department for Israel, makes no bones about this. "The only possible solution consists in creating one Palestine," he said, "without Arabs... and there is no other way except to transfer all the Arabs to the neighboring countries. Not a single village, not a single tribe should be left."

The struggle against the policies and structures of Israel means supporting the colonized Arab Palestinians who want to restore their national rights in their homeland.



Nazi officials ride through Berlin to enforce the anti-Jewish boycott of April 1, 1933. The sign on the truck reads, "Germans, beware. Do not buy from Jews."



LAND

3

Zionism is not a movement of the Jewish masses. Before the Hitler massacre Zionism did not have the support of the millions of Jews of Europe, the U.S. or the Middle East. Instead, it was a small, narrow movement that depended on alliances with different imperialist powers... Germany... England... the U.S. in its search for a state in the Arab world. It was only after the Nazi genocide, when the English and American capitalists refused to admit the Jewish refugees that the Jews turned to Palestine as a solution to their problems. The Jewish settlers were searching for an alternative to European anti-semitism but their search was at cross purposes with the Zionist goal of an exclusive, pro-Western state.

4

The Zionist movement conquered Palestine with the support of the imperialist powers. It was because of this aid from the Ottoman authorities, and then the British in 1917 (Balfour declaration) and the U.S. in 1947 that Israel took shape as part of the colonial pattern of rule in the Middle East. The Arab population was first exploited and then expelled. "Without steel helmets and gunfire, we would be unable to build one house or plant one tree," said Moshe Dayan.

There is no Israeli miracle then, anymore than it is a miracle that the French could build cities like Saigon or that the English could erect riding clubs amidst the poverty of New Delhi or Bombay.

Economically Israel has managed to keep going because of

Continued on page 29

President Lyndon Johnson to Prime Minister Levi Eshkol: "You are asking me to guarantee your borders. What borders do you want me to guarantee?" (Newsweek, January 22, 1968)



Newsreel

Israelis evict Palestinians from homes and stores in Jerusalem after the June War of 1967.



Red Mole/Sept. 15, 1970

This article is an edited version of an interview made with Leila Khaled, after the 1969 hijacking, in Beirut, Lebanon.

On August 29, 1969, a TWA Boeing 707 jet airliner on its way from Rome to Athens was hijacked by two Arab commandos from the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, Leila Khaled, who commanded the mission (dressed in a trouser suit), and a companion, Salim Assari. They ordered the pilot first to fly to Tel Aviv, then commanded him to take them to Damascus, Syria. All the

plane's passengers except for two Israeli men were allowed to leave the following day. The two Israelis were held in Damascus for three months and then returned to Israel in exchange for some Syrian pilots who had landed at an Israeli airfield by mistake earlier in the same year. The Syrians did not bring to trial the two hijackers but held them under house arrest for forty-four days.

I did this because it is the strategy of the popular front. We have to hit the imperialistic interests and this is one way to hit them. By hijacking an airplane we can tell the American government that the Palestinian resistance is aware of whatever the American government is doing to support Israel. We know that the American government is supporting Israel in everything and this is what makes Israel so powerful, what makes Israel work against us. At

the same time we are hitting tourism in Israel: we want that to be stopped. I think that I can say that the people who were on that aircraft will think about what's going on in the Middle East, and about the Palestinian cause, and these people will go out and tell others.

.....

I didn't undertake the mission before I was trained in navigation, so it was hard for the pilot to trick me. At the same time, I was told that I may die in that mission because we were headed for occupied land and we thought that maybe the Israelis would shoot us down or maybe the pilot would have gone down so that we would have to explode the airplane. So I thought it was my mission to do it and that's all. I had no objection to face death or to face arrest or anything because I knew that this was the strategy planned that we are carrying on.

Before my mission my comrades told me, You have an outside mission to do. I said, Okay, what is it? They told me I had to go to Rome and learn how to command a TWA aircraft. I was astonished, really, because I thought, how could I do that thing? But they told me I would be trained. I hadn't a very long time to get ready. Of course I can't say how I was trained, but I can say it was really very easy to carry on that mission because I believed that this mission can do something for my cause. This was my first outside mission.

We got on the plane as passengers. We waited some time to see the cockpit door open and we took hand grenades to the cockpit door. My friend told them, Don't move; listen to the new captain. And in reality the new captain was me. I hadn't eaten that day. I had my pistol in my pants, and it slipped down in my trousers. It was so funny when I was taking it out from my legs, out of my trousers. And I then told the captain that I had taken the safety pin out of the grenade and he could take it as a souvenir. But he wouldn't take it. I put it in front of him and told him that he had to obey my orders. He was astonished really to see me, a young lady in front of him with her hat and her elegant suit, but I told him to never mind now, because I read that in his eyes, he was so astonished. And really, I didn't want to do anything to hurt him because he wasn't my enemy. The only one I meant to hurt by that job was the US government. So I told him, If you listen and if you obey my orders, everything will be okay. He was so good really. I told him to proceed to the airport near Tel Aviv; we wanted to challenge (the Israelis). We come over the land and they can't do anything.

By the way, I asked the engineer how many fuel-hours did he have to keep flying and he said two hours and he was *lying*, because I know *exactly* how many hours he had. And I said, What're you doing? You are lying. And really I was angry. And I told him, Don't lie because I know you have three-and-a-half hours. And then the co-pilot said, Let's count it. I told him, Don't count it, I know everything about it.

So then we reached the occupied land (Palestine). I asked the pilot to descend and he descended. Oh, it was something fantastic. Then we reached Tel Aviv and there I asked him to circle around and ask the Israelis to permit us to descend to the level I wanted at Tel Aviv. (The controller) shouted and I didn't answer. I asked him to say the name of the airplane. He didn't answer; he just cried "TWA" and I said, "This is the Popular Front. Free Arab Palestine." And that was the new name of the plane. He was shouting and telling me they would "send you our planes." I said, Oh, send



anything you want! What can you do? You can't do anything! And then I opened the phone for the passengers and I told them, Listen to what they are saying. And I told the station down at the airport, You are responsible for the lives of all those people. We, we fighters, we *want* to die over our land but these people, we don't want these people to die because it's our problem, not their problem. We left after giving our message in Arabic for our people there and for the Arab prisoners in the Israeli prisons, that we would be back again. Because I want to go there again. Not by air, not by sea, but by land. We reached Damascus and I asked the passengers to evacuate the aircraft. We didn't want any horrible thing to happen at

that moment maybe from the people because they were so frightened. I went over the aircraft to see if anybody was there and I and my friend went into the cockpit area and threw a grenade. I wasn't nervous. I thought I had to do it and why should I be nervous? I felt that to be nervous meant that something horrible will occur and I wanted the crew to be calm so I had to be calm myself.

We waited near the gate because they were evacuating the airport. The passengers were just looking open-eyed and I was releasing them and giving them a brief explanation. Of course I didn't have much time and I just asked of those who were going to Israel: Why don't you go to Viet Nam as tourists there? And then I answered, Because you know that there is a war there. And I want to tell you something: there is a war *here* too. There is a revolution here. We are the ones who are making it. And there is little difference between the revolution in Viet Nam and here in the Middle East. Maybe in the Viet Nam war you may reach Viet Nam, but here you cannot reach it because we are going to cut off the routes. And, at the same time, because the US government is helping Israel, supporting Israel, and I asked them do you think peace comes by Phantoms and rockets? We don't think so. Peace can't be established by force. Really, this is our land and we want to go back and everyone who helps our enemy is our enemy too. I am eager to see those passengers and that crew again and not by hijacking, no, but to tell them and to have them as our friends because they will be our friends in the future if they understand our point of view.

.....

There is nothing to be told about myself before I joined this Front. I think that I had lost every meaning of life when I was driven out of Palestine. We were driven from Haifa with my family after 1948. I can't remember much about that year, I was so young. But my mother has told me about it. We were obliged to go out under pressure of Israeli weapons. We just had to carry our bags and clothes and to run away. We thought it would just be days before we could go back—we were tricked by that. I didn't go to a refugee camp, I just lived with my parents here in Tyre. I attended the American University in Beirut for one year. I left AUB because it was too expensive for me to afford and afterwards, in 1963, I went to Kuwait to teach there and stayed for six years to help my family. After the fifth of June I think I was born again. I joined the Popular Front and I gave up *everything*. I gave up my family because I want to hold arms. So I went off.

In our camp we don't have only weapons but political education too. While I was teaching I was involved in the Original Arab party, that is the literal translation of it. And the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine is now the military part of this party. I can say that because the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine believes that not only weapons are the way to liberate our country. We believe that socialist thought, scientific socialist theory, is the way to the liberation of Palestine and that popular liberation war is the only way to win Palestine.

The Popular Front is Marxist in its theory, revolutionary in its theory. We don't think that importing a theory is the way to go about liberating a country. We learn from Russia, China and Cuba and we can benefit in our war. We think that our work here, our revolution, is part of the world revolution as well as a revolution

by itself. We are going to build bridges with other movements in the world.

After the Fifth of June, we had our military groups in the occupied land and after the meeting of the whole leadership of our popular front we made studies about the enemy and had to state which was the camp of our enemy and the camp of our friends. And from this point of view I can say that we have been able to see the whole thing about our revolution. We think that not only Israel is our enemy. We think Israel, Zionism, the imperialistic part played by the US and the reactionary Arab regimes are part of the enemy camp. And when we say "all the enemy camps" then we have to hit these enemies. So we have this strategy to hit hard at the imperialists' interests, either outside our country, in the Arab world, wherever our enemy is we want to fight there.

We don't mean to hit the Jews as Jews. We are not against the people. We are against only the Zionists because they support Israel with people, with weapons, with everything.

In Zionist propaganda it is said that Arab women have nothing to do except to cook, to marry, to have children and that's all. That is her job. But it is different. We Arab women can do whatever Arab men do. And we have many examples, especially in the occupied lands. Many women who are imprisoned now and one of the women who is now in the most horrible prison in Israel is half paralyzed as a result of torturing. We had a girl whose name I have taken as my name in the mission. She is one of our martyrs killed by the Israelis.

I can say that we have many women inside and I am preparing to go inside but I don't know if I'm going to go on doing my operations secretly. Now I am known and can't. Of course



Newsreel

I may risk death or prison, it's the same for me. I'm not afraid to say this is my end anyhow. Either death or to be in jail. This is revolution. Anyone who is doing such a job expects all these things. Death or prison, there is no difference. Except that death is better than to be in an Israeli camp or jail.

Those young people in America, if they can see the facts from all sides, I think we can have them as our friends and they can see our cause. Because they are now seeing our problem from the Zionist point of view and they are not seeing anything from our point of view. To be a scientific person you have to see the problem from all points of view so that it's not a matter of what I want to do or what anyone wants to do. The Zionist propaganda says that in Israel there is a democratic socialist government. But I want just to ask a question. Where is this democracy? And where is that socialism if you want to drive the people out of a land?

The Black Panther Party in America has come out in support of the Popular Front and the Fateh resistance movement. If you were now talking to the black revolutionaries in America, the Black Panther Party, what would you say to them?

I'm with those people because they are defending their rights as human beings and the worst thing you or anyone can face is when you are not treated like a human being. And I'm with them in their revolution against what is called a democratic government in the US. It's not at all a democratic government. So those people, I hope they can have their rights, and they can't have their rights except by force. That is the motto of this century because force is the only way they can be had. ●

Armed Struggle

The struggle of the Palestinian people has passed through several stages since the initial expulsion of 1948. From 1948 through the June 1967 war, the cutting edge of the Palestinian revolution was Palestinian reliance on the progressive Arab regimes in Egypt, Syria and Iraq and on their military forces. The defeats in the June war completely disrupted this strategy and resulted in development of a strategy of peoples' war, engaging the full energy of the Palestinian refugees and based on an indigenous revolutionary army. Since the June war this Palestinian force has shown its ability to attack the Israeli occupying troops as well as to resist the open assaults of reactionary and progressive regimes. The armed actions of the movement have ranged from assaults on Israeli military and political targets, to sabotage inside the occupied territories, to missions against imperialist airlines. In the last year, as the movement developed both its military capability and political independence, the field of combat has often been within the reactionary Arab countries of Jordan and Lebanon. In this process the Palestinians have used armed force to defend striking Arab workers, to create the embryo of a Peoples' Militia and, in the latest phase of civil war in Jordan, to liberate whole cities. In Irbid, for example, according to Newsweek correspondent Jenkins the commandos have replaced the city administration with "peoples' committees, elected on every street" charged with the responsibility of organizing the first "Arab soviets."

The organizations responsible for development of the Palestinian revolution are:

AL FATAH, led by Yasir Arafat. Concentrates on guerrilla actions in Israeli occupied territory. Tends to see struggle predominantly as a national liberation struggle against Israel.

AS SAIQA, sponsored by the Syria governing Baath party.

ARAB LIBERATION FRONT, sponsored by the Iraqi Baath party often in conflict with the Syrian Baath.

POPULAR FRONT FOR THE LIBERATION OF PALESTINE, led by George Habash. Though known for its sabotage and hijackings, its principal military actions are within Israeli occupied territory. The Popular Front publicly acknowledges the social aspects of the Palestinian struggle and is openly hostile to the "nationalist" and pro-imperialist governments in the Middle East.

POPULAR DEMOCRATIC FRONT, led by Nayef Hawatmeh. While its overall political line is similar to the Popular Front, it opposes the hijacking tactic. It stresses the need for mass popular organizations, soviets, militia composed of Palestinians as well as other Arab peoples. It is developing closer ties with revolutionary Israelis such as the Israeli Socialist Organization.

The other commando organizations are the Popular Front (General Command); Palestine Arab organization; pro-Nasser Action Organization for the Liberation of Palestine; the Popular Struggle Front; Popular Liberation Forces.

* * *

All of the commando groups operate in a United Front that is based on:

A twenty-seven member **CENTRAL COMMITTEE** headed by Arafat consisting of delegates from each commando group, the commander of the Palestine Liberation Army (regular army), the heads of the Palestine National Fund, the Palestine National Council and three unaffiliated Palestinians; the

ARMED STRUGGLE COMMAND, a centrally controlled military directorate; and the

PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION, which is a federation of guerrilla organizations formed in 1964 to coordinate organizational activity. Not all of the commando groups belong to the PLO.

Address of Dr. George Habash, Secretary General of the Central Committee of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), to residents of the captured Jordan Intercontinental Hotel in Amman at 5 a.m. on June 12th, 1970.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I feel that it is my duty to explain to you why we did what we did. I hope that you will understand, or at least try to understand. We, the Palestinians, for the last twenty-two years have been living in camps and tents. We were driven out of our country, our houses and our lands, driven out like sheep and left here in refugee camps in very inhumane conditions. For twenty-two years people have been waiting to restore their rights but nothing happened. Three years ago circumstances became favorable; our people could carry arms to defend their cause and start to fight to restore their rights, to go back to their country and liberate it. After twenty-two years of injustice, inhumanity, living in camps, with nobody to care for us, we felt that we have the very full right to protect our revolution. Our code of morals is our revolution. What saves our revolution, what helps our revolution, what protects our revolution is right because our revolution means justice, means having back our homes, having back our country, which is a very just and noble aim.

We don't wake up in the morning to have a cup of milk with Nescafe and then spend half an hour before the mirror thinking of flying to Switzerland or having one month in this country or that country. We don't have the thousands or millions of dollars that you in America and Britain have. We live daily in camps. Our wives wait for the water, whether it will come at ten o'clock, or three o'clock in the afternoon. We cannot be as calm as you can. We cannot think as you think. We have lived in this condition, not for one day, not for two days, but for *twenty-two years*. If any one of you comes to these camps and stays for one or two weeks, he will be affected. He cannot think and handle things regardless of the conditions he will be living in.

When our revolution started three years ago, so many attempts were planned to strike it. Actually all commando organizations after June, 1967, started and their eyes aimed at the conquered land. America is against us. We know this very well. We feel this very well. We felt it last year from the aid of the Phantoms. America is against our revolution. They work to crush our revolution. They work through the

reactionary regimes in Jordan and Lebanon. They tried it on the fourth of November in 1968. Nevertheless, during events here, all of us were aiming for the conquered land. A second attempt, four months ago, on the tenth of February, and during the last week we lived the third attempt. These dates are the peaks only, when their attempts reached a certain high level. Every time we lose men, we lose blood, we give sacrifices. On the tenth of February there were something like fifty casualties at least. Regarding this third attempt from the reactionary regime to smash our revolution—and the people who live here in Jordan know it very well and feel it very well—the reactionary regime started this. We cannot base our revolution on lies. I am talking facts here.

Here, we felt that we have all the right in the world to protect our revolution. We remembered all the miseries, all the injustices, our people and the conditions they lived in,

the coldness with which world opinion looks at our case, and so we felt we will not permit them to crush us. We will defend ourselves and our revolution by every way and every means, because, as I told you, our code of morals is our revolution. So we made counterplans deciding we should win. One of the items in this plan was you; what happened here. We feel that we have the full right to make pressure here on the reactionary regime and in America and all forces, and this will be a winning card in our hand. We are really determined. We were not joking.

We were fully determined to blow this hotel and the Philadelphia Hotel on one condition and in one circumstance. We were very keen not to lose our nerve. We were very keen on this, in case we would feel that (the reactionaries) are determined by their tanks, artillery, and airplanes, to smash us. You are not better than our people. In the last incidents there were something like

five hundred casualties, the least number, believe me, the least number.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time we manage a hotel. Our men, I am sure, know how to fight very well, but I don't know to what extent they were good at managing a hotel. Instructions were very clear. I hope they succeeded in this; I think we always helped you by keeping our nerves. The day before yesterday Al-wahdat Camp was shelled for more than half an hour. Any one of us can go to the camp and see the places affected. It is very natural to start thinking at that time of executing (you). We held our nerves very well.

You have to excuse my English. From the personal side, let me say, I apologize to you. I am sorry about the troubles for three or four days. But from a revolutionary point of view, we feel, we continue to feel, that we have the very, very full right to do what we did.

Thank you very much . . . ●



LADY LAZARUS by Sylvia Plath.

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it——

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify?——

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot——
The big strip tease.
Gentleman, ladies,

These are my hands,
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

As a seashell.
They had to call and call
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell.
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

"A miracle!"
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge
For the hearing of my heart——
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge,
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The pure gold baby

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

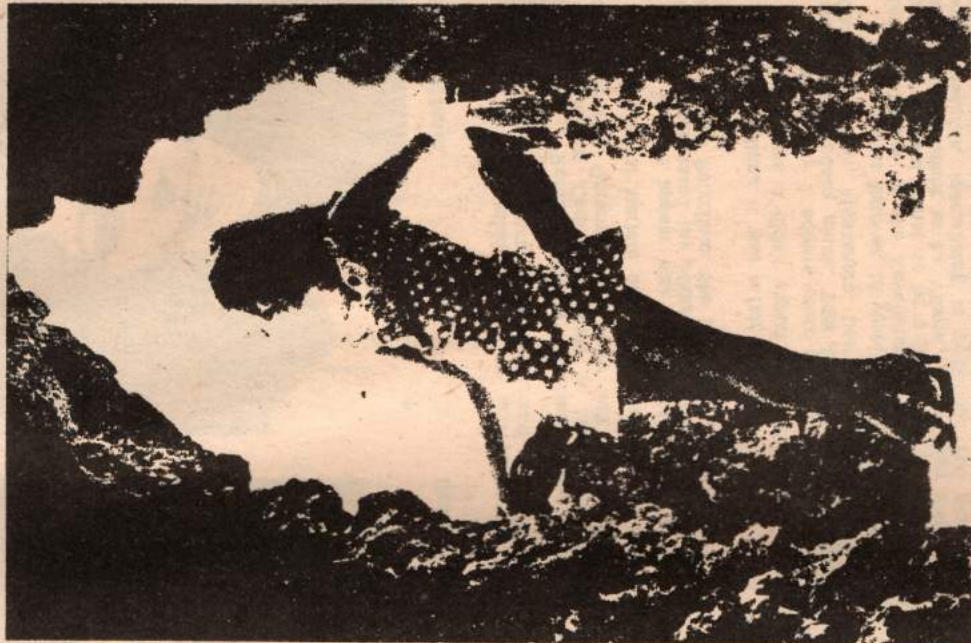
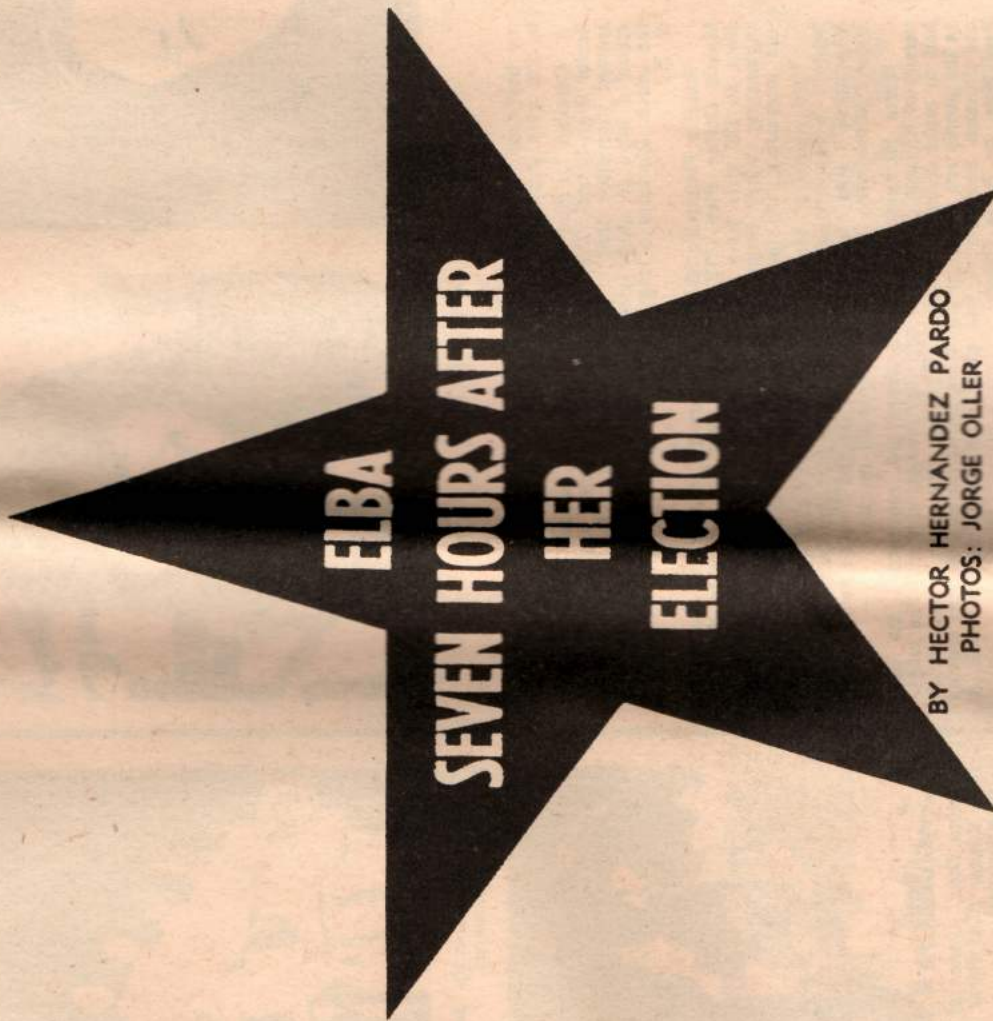
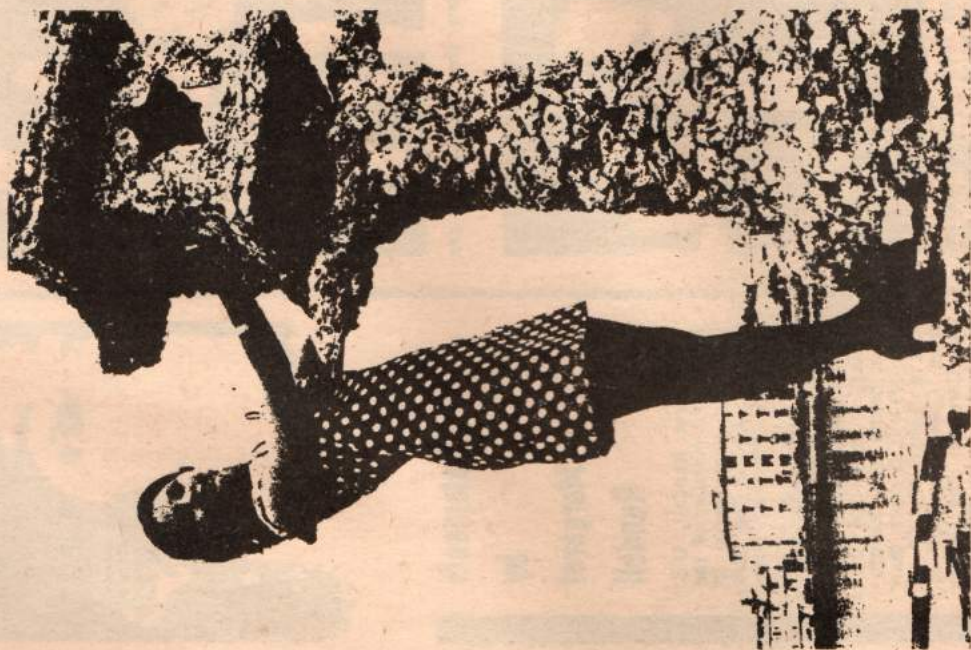
Ash, ash——
You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there——

A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling.

Herr God, Herr Lucifer,
Beware
Beware.

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.





WHAT IS the most striking thing about Elba, Star of the 1970 Havana Carnival? This was the main question in our mind when we set out to interview the most talked about girl in Havana since July 12. We felt a little guilty about interrupting the sleep of the girl who only five hours before had experienced one of the biggest thrills of her life. But, since the press cannot wait, we set out at midmorning for Havana's Miramar district, where Elba Pérez Rodríguez lives.

Elba is relatively tall — 5' 8" — and weighs 128 pounds. Her well proportioned, slender figure; elegant manner and pleasing conversation make for a most attractive whole. Elba has a tender glint in her pale green eyes, which is enhanced by long, silky eye-ashes. When she smiles she reveals even white teeth. She wears her chestnut hair rather long.

Elba was born on May 7, 1948, in Santa Clara, Las Villas Province, but moved to Havana when she was 13. One of the things she can most vividly re-

member about her childhood has to do with human relations in the neighborhood where she lived.

"The street where we lived came to a dead end. The neighbors there got along very well with one another. Whenever one of the families was in need, all the others willingly pitched in," she recalls.

Elba explained that her parents learned of her election through the press, as they now are away on vacation at the beach.

She speaks with devotion of her parents, who live in Las Villas Province. "My father is a pan operator at the Carlos Caraballo Sugar Mill, in Cruces. He's an excellent worker and has gone all out during this harvest. It's been a year since I last saw him."

We asked her to comment on her election, and she replied modestly that it had come as a complete surprise, "because a lot of the contestants were very pretty girls."

Elba is engaged and plans to be married soon. Her

fiandé will soon be graduated from the university as an electrical engineer. "At first René didn't want me to enter the contest, but he finally saw the importance and revolutionary significance of the July festivities," she explained.

Elba likes to wear simple clothes without too many frills, and her favorite sport is basketball. She also likes dancing, movies, the beach, ballet and reading. Her favorite novel is Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Elba has been a proofreader at the Book Institute since last October and is taking a special course in typography there. Recently, she enrolled in the University of Havana's School of Letters.

Her ideal of a man is one who has, first of all, exemplary revolutionary qualities and is unassuming, intelligent, sincere and affectionate.

Our Star of the 1970 Havana Carnival is a member

of Civil Defense and takes part in all political, cultural and voluntary work activities in her work center.

"At home," she said, "I was always told that I was very romantic and that I believed very strongly in love. I think I'll always be that way. It is very important for me. I am not in favor of marrying unless it is for love."

The young Star asked us to greet the people of Havana on her behalf. "I hope that the people will have a swell time during the coming festivities. They have more than earned it," she declared.

Even after the two hours of questions, answers and photo taking, we weren't able to tell the most striking thing about Elba. The trouble is everything about the Star of the 1970 Havana Carnival is striking: her beauty; her smile; the way she looks; her integration in the ideology of the Revolution; her calm way of talking; her unassuming, modest manner; her personality....

PUBLISHED: 7/13/70

more ➔

AFTER SUNDAY

BY OMAR VAZQUEZ
PHOTOS: LEZCANO



Norma Méndez.



Ileana García.



Catalina La Fud.

IT WAS midday when we arrived at the Hotel Capri. We were warmly welcomed, and somebody went to call the girls.

"Romelia! Norma! Catalina! Ileana! María Virginia! Marta! Come on down to the lobby, please. Some comrades from Gramma are here to talk with you."

The Carnival starlets didn't keep us waiting long.

The first to appear was Norma Méndez de la Paz, 18 years old. She represented the Ministry of Foreign Trade and works at the La Rampa Polyclinic. She is studying French at the Abraham Lincoln School.

"Do you think it was a fair election?"

"Yes, it was. I didn't expect to be chosen."

"The quality I admire most in a person is sincerity. I like movies and modern music. Tom Jones, the Cuban Modern Music Orchestra, Elena, Manzanero, Los Fanáticos, etc."

Ileana García Estévez, 16 years old, represented the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution. "It was a very close finish, and it is a great honor to be a starlet in the Carnival. She is a second-year student at La Viohara Senior High School. "I plan to study medicine, specializing in pediatrics and psychology. I like modern music and the Aragón Orchestra. I've had a fight with my boyfriend, who goes to the same school I do — the trouble is, I'm very pigheaded — but he called to congratulate me."

Catalina La Fud Herrera, 19 years old, attends Saúl Delgado Senior High School. The name La Fud is Syrian, she explained. "It seemed incredible that I should be picked. When I finish high school I hope to study electrical engineering. I like movies and the beach. It's been a long time since I've seen a movie as good as Z."

Romelia Fernández Miquel, 17 years old, represented the Nuevo Mundo Coffee Plan. "The selection was fair but very difficult, since all 120 girls were very pretty. I'm interested in geophysical engineering. Why? Because it involves research. And, more than just interesting, it's important for our country's development."

"My name is María Virginia Alonso Couzo, but I go by 'Marvi'. I represented the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution. I was really bowled over by the people's response — I don't know why they applauded me so much."

Marta Hernández Vidal, 18 years old, represented the University of Havana. She is a second-year medical student. "The judges had to make a tough decision. Carnival participants now have a new twist, as the people are the most important participants. I like the movies and Russian literature. I was greatly impressed by the book A Real Man, by Boris Polevoi."



Romelia Fernández.

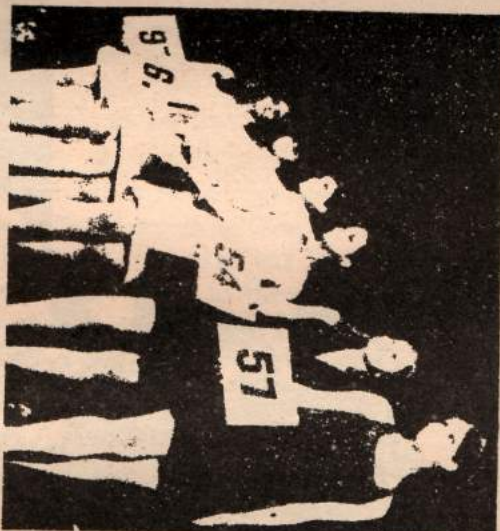


María Virginia Alonso.

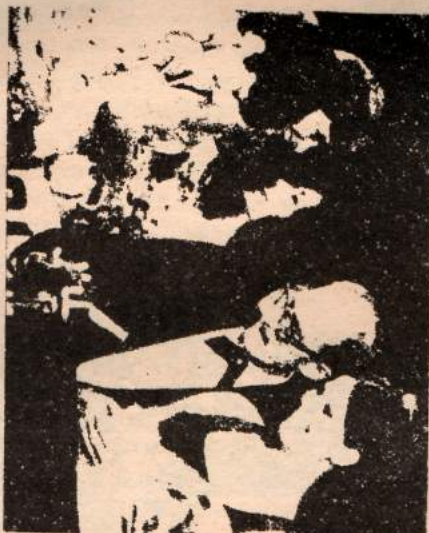


Marta Hernández.

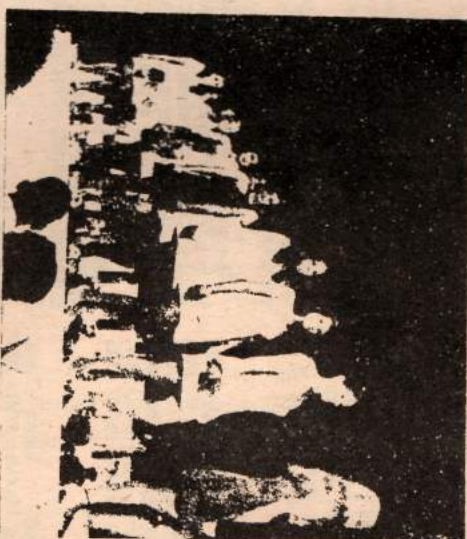
VIEWS OF THE EVENT



The finalists, shortly before the selection of the Star was announced.



Cristina Díaz, winner of the 1966 event, presented 1970 winner Elba Pérez Rodríguez, 22 years old, with a bouquet.



A hundred and twenty candidates participated in the final selection.

Photos: Lezcano and Walfrido



Statements

by
Margaret Randall

Margaret Randall, U.S. writer and member of the jury that participated in the election of the Star and the Starlets, commented:

"We all know what beauty contests and their queens mean under capitalism. It was like that here before the Revolution. Now it is more than just a change of title — from 'Queen' to 'Star' of the Carnival. The Cuban carnival is the national vehicle for the people's joy after more than a year of hard work. It is important to point out that in the Revolution the star represents more than just beauty. She also represents revolutionary qualities: good morals and a top attitude toward work and life."

"To the extent that woman becomes completely liberated, she becomes less and less a thing of beauty and more and more a comrade who shares the work of building a socialist society. Let us pay tribute to Rogelia Cruz, Miss Guatemala, who was murdered in 1968 by the repressive forces of that country. She should serve as our example when we think of the real Latin-American star!"

PAGE PUBLISHED: 7/13/79

CHANGE OF LIFE

In 1956, when guerrilla warfare washed up in Cuba on the *Granma*, the Star of the 1970 Havana Carnival was eight years old.

Children and revolution go well together: children live in the present—they are open, creative, anarchistic. Their sex games aren't based on manipulative roles. Children are usually free from sickness, addiction, gluttony, and cunning. They are also free from modesty. Even so, "Youth will make the Revolution" doesn't mean that children will seize state power: because they are honest, trusting, and spontaneous, children in Batista's Cuba or Nixon's Amerika need help from those of us who already have had to learn to hate. Since children can't survive alone in a society which demands, for survival, that people be cunning, manipulative, and repressed, children have special needs: they need to be protected in their rages for freedom, supported in their contempt for pretension and authority, sustained in their weirdness. Children are psychic fugitives. We expect a revolution to change that.

In 1959, when the Revolution triumphed in Cuba, the Star of the Carnival was eleven years old.

The female child gets caught too soon: at eleven or twelve, childhood ends, for her. Female children have never become "youth" (as in "Youth will make the Revolution"). Instead, we all became "women" when breasts grew around our nipples, when we became capable of producing children.

Before she is thirty, a woman is a "wife and mother" or a "spinster" or a "whore." She has been defined by her relationships to men. But the period between childhood and stasis is structured as free fight, as competition. We are forced (yes, we have been forced: the alternative has been the cloister/asylum, the alternative has been suicide) to parade our hair, eyes, breasts, legs and "personality" to attract the man who will, supposedly, take us out of the game. We get to sit down, to take off the spike heels that cripple us. We get to sit down, but the music has stopped. And in any game of musical chairs, some of the people we love get left out.

In revolution, we want alternatives to competition among women. Women want to play, but we want a new game: the old game is too rough for sensitive people, too individualistic for loving people. The old game requires that we maintain too much awkward and costly equipment. Maybe we just want to play, and don't want a structured game at all.

In Amerika right now, it's hard to stop playing the old game, to forget about competition, to learn sisterhood. But we're trying. We want simple things. We don't want our bodies used to sell anything, especially not to sell our revolution. We want to wear clothes that let us move, not costumes that give us a choice between being immobilized ("lady-like") and looking ridiculous. We don't want to be defined by our hair, eyes, or legs, by the size of our breasts and hips, by our age, or weight, or by the color of our skin. Simple things, but we know we have to make a revolution to make them real.

We want to define ourselves, every day, through what we do, not to be defined forever by what we'll submit to. In Amerika, when we submit to the game, it's because of fear of the consequences of refusing to play. Even the most privileged among us are afraid of being unfeminine, afraid of being insane. We are all afraid of being alone. Some of us are afraid of losing our children, afraid of being hungry, afraid of going to jail. And some of us are afraid of being killed. But fear turns to rage: and we're finding new forms for our rage, learning not to turn it in on ourselves, not to take it out on our sisters. We also need to find new forms for our joy.

Our joy, wherever we win, will include black women, old women, bald women, fat women, flat-chested women, women who have crooked legs or crooked teeth, and all women who have been scarred in the struggle for freedom—or it won't be joy. Our revolution will change the lives of *all* the people, or it won't be a revolution.

The female children born in Cuba in 1959—along with the Revolution—are now eleven years old. They are becoming women.

—Is the New Woman young? Is she white?

—Does the New Man edit interviews in such a way that his sisters appear to be plastic morons?

—Does Socialist Man put his sisters into poses which result in insulting cheesecake photographs?

—Is ritual competition among young women wearing numbers on their chests, nothing on their legs, and absurd shoes on their feet "the national vehicle for the people's joy"? Or is it the same game, with a different name?

Eula



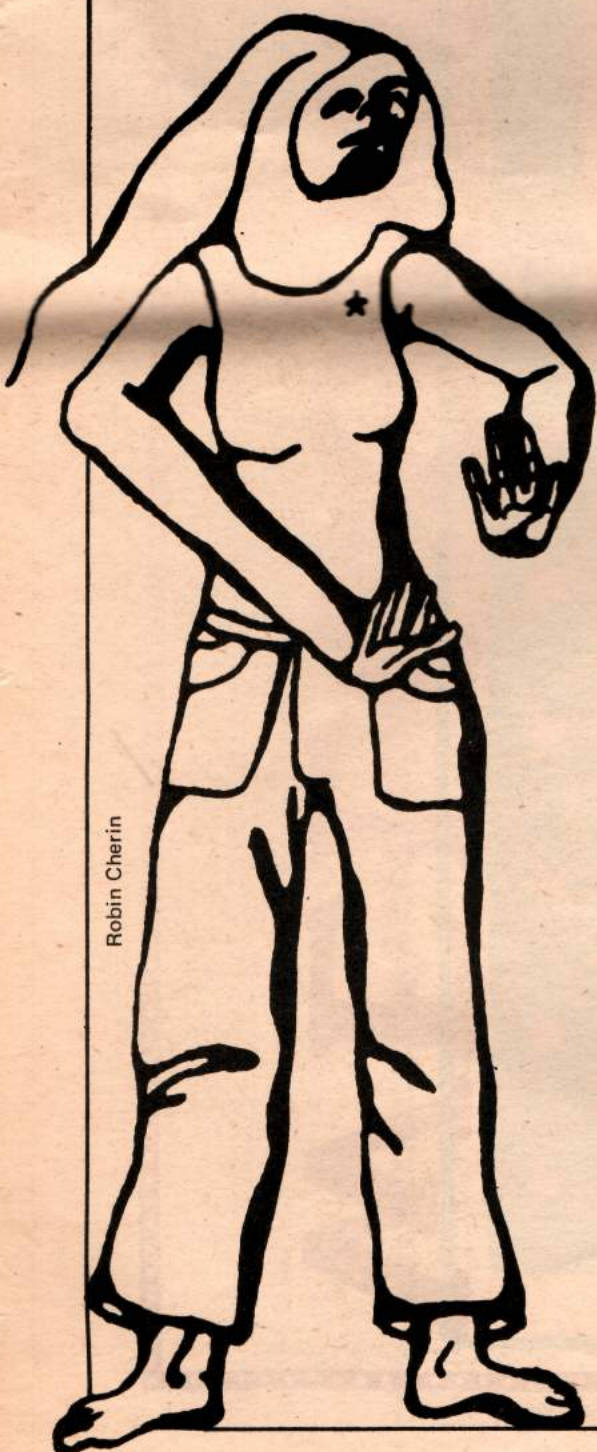


**SISTER: YOU ARE
WELCOME HERE**

V. Detroit Annie, hitchhiking

*Her words pour out as if her throat were a broken
artery and her mind were cut-glass, carelessly handled.
You imagine her in a huge velvet hat with great
dangling black feathers,
but she shaves her head instead
and goes for three-day midnight walks.
Sometimes she goes down to the dock and dances
off the end of it, simply to prove her belief
that people who cannot walk on water
are phonies, or dead.
When she is cruel, she is very, very
cool and when she is kind she is lavish.
Fishermen think perhaps she's a fish, but they're all
fools. She figured out that the only way
to keep from being frozen was to
stay in motion, and long ago converted
most of her flesh into liquid. Now when she
smells danger, she spills herself all over,
like gasoline, and lights it.
She leaves the taste of salt and iron
under your tongue, but you don't mind.
The common woman is as common
as the reddest wine.*

Judy Grahm



Robin Cherin

VII. Vera, from my childhood

Solemnly swearing, to swear as an oath to you
who have somehow gotten to be a pale old woman;
swearing, as if an oath could be wrapped around your shoulders
like a new coat:

For your 28 dollars a week and the bastard boss
you never let yourself hate;

and the work, all the work you did at home
where you never got paid;

For your mouth that got thinner and thinner
until it disappeared as if you had choked on it,
watching the hard liquor break your fine husband down
into a dead joke.

For the strange mole, like a third eye
right in the middle of your forehead;
for your religion which insisted that people
are beautiful golden birds and must be preserved;
for your persistent nerve
and plain white talk—

the common woman is as common
as good bread

as common as when you couldn't go on
but did.

For all the world we didn't know we held in common
all along

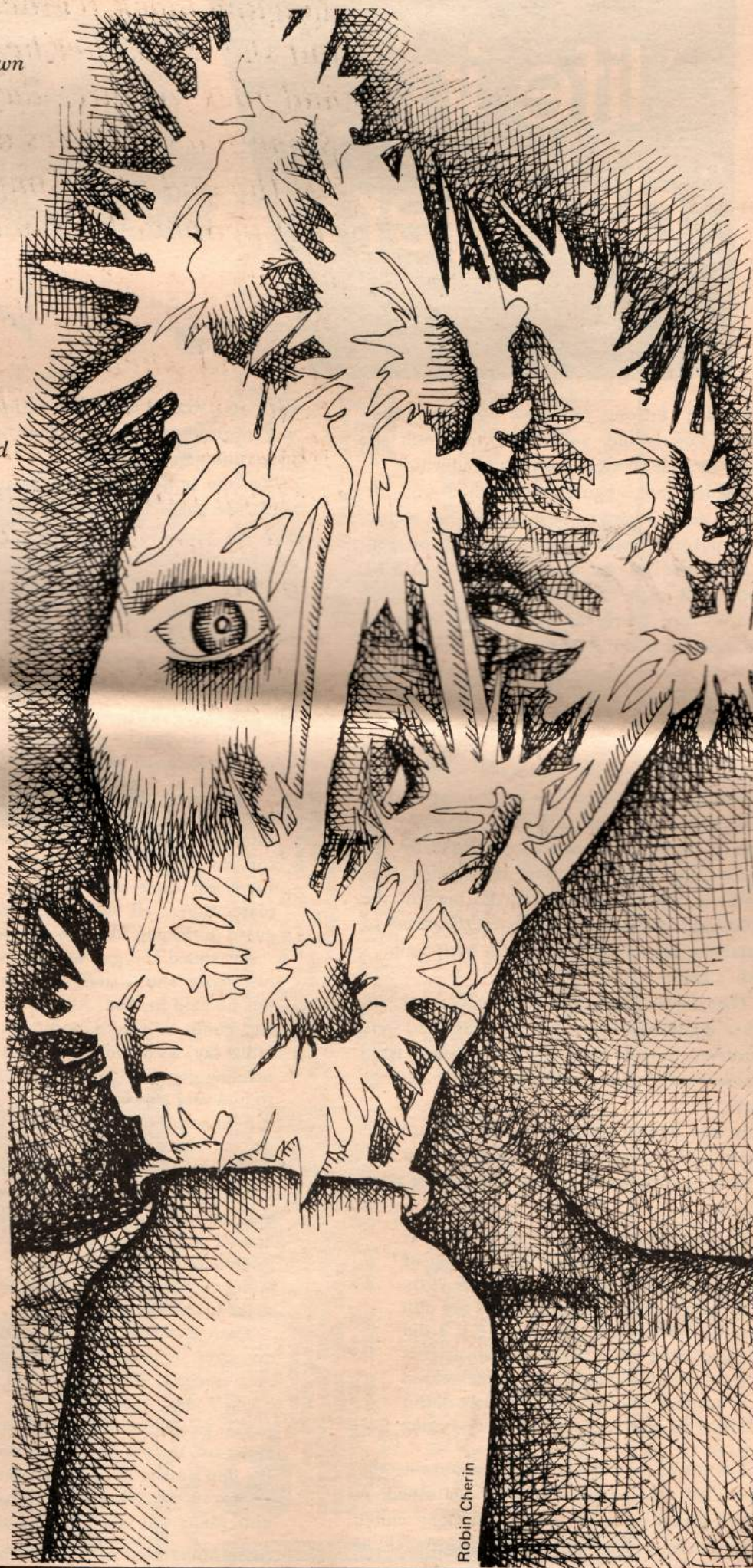
the common woman is as common as the best of bread
and will rise

and will become strong—I swear it to you

I swear it to you on my own head

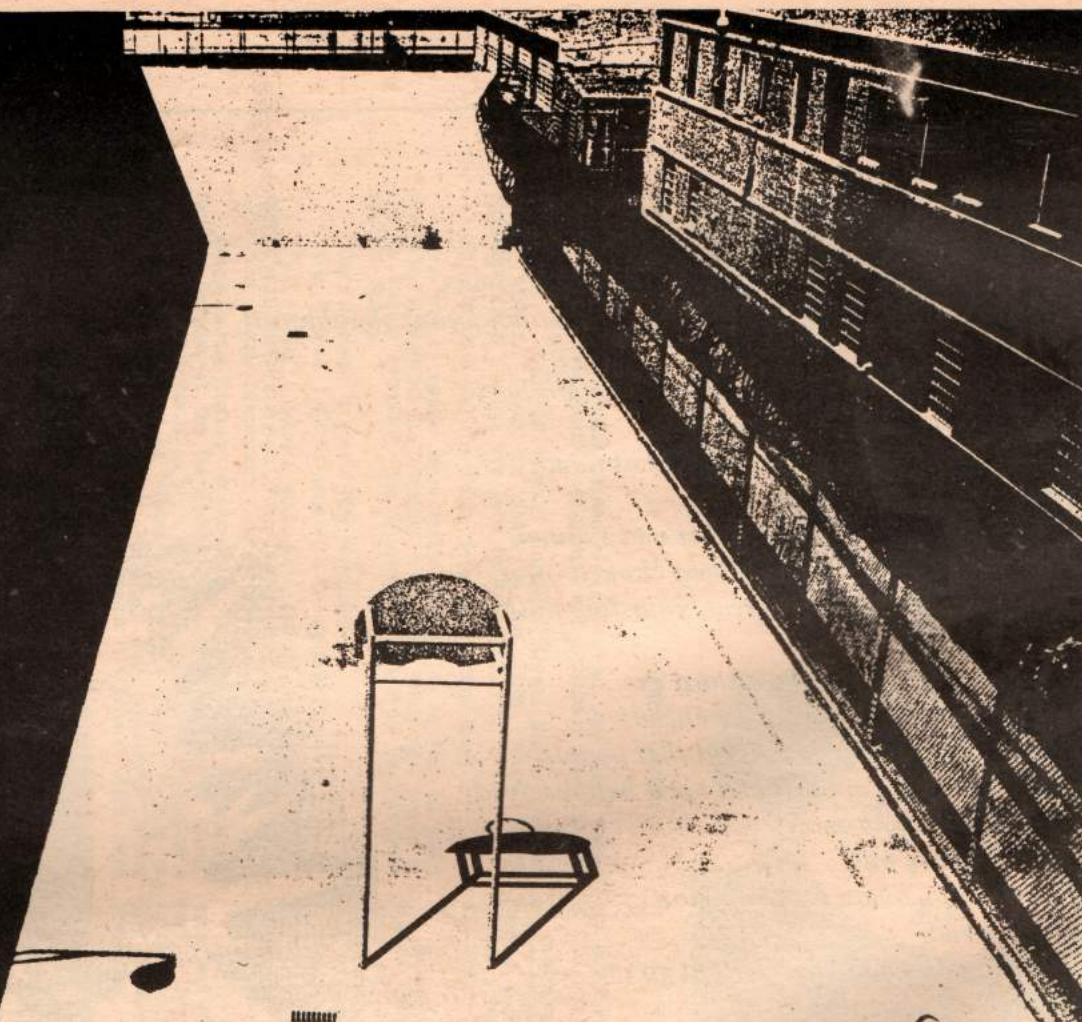
I swear it to you on my common
woman's
head

Judy Grahn



Robin Cherin

help! life in danger!



photographs by Steve Shames

Soledad Prison, Monterey County, California. Population: 3400, half of whom are black, the rest Mexican-American and white.

Soledad looks harmless enough if you are driving down Highway 101. All you can see are trees, peaceful fields, and a few small cottages. If you drive up the access road you will be confronted with a cyclone fence with barbed wire on top. There are a few guard towers in the area, but nothing terribly frightening. All of the fear and terror remains inside the Soledad Building where 3400 prisoners live and 40 guards rule.

Each guard lives in constant fear of those he guards. He is defensive, insecure, sadistic. He knows he is hated and to keep control over those he rules he must seek out and destroy the leaders among the population; especially the blacks since they are most threatening. The guard has total control over the lives of the 3400 residents of Soledad. He has the power of sustaining life or snuffing it out, with a gun, a club, a knife.

That is what happened on January 13, 1970. Three unarmed black prisoners of Soledad were murdered by a marksman guard shooting from a tower overlooking a newly opened exercise yard.

In the weeks before the exercise yard was opened, the prisoners in O Wing sensed that something strange was going on. One of them wrote:

On the 28th of December a list was passed out announcing the opening of the Max Row exercise yard on the 29th. It didn't open because there was still some work yet to be done. But I did notice that white inmates and officials were awfully cheerful for some reason or another and they continuously didn't forget to remind us of the yard opening soon.

The moment the prisoners were let out into the new yard, their suspicions were confirmed. A mixed group of seven blacks and eight whites were chosen to be the first in the yard. This in

itself was strange since the authorities had always segregated white and black inmates during recreation periods.

As soon as the first black inmate entered the yard, the guard leaned out his tower window with his sniper rifle. A scuffle quickly broke out between blacks and whites. No guards appeared to break it up, no warnings or whistles were sounded. Only the guard in the tower moved: he started shooting.

W.L. Nolen fell in his tracks. Cleveland Edwards and Alvin Miller were hit as they tried to reach their fallen friend.

One of the blacks who survived the ambush told later what had happened:

I looked at the tower guard and he was aiming the gun toward me and I thought then that he meant to kill me too, so I moved from the wall as he fired and went over to stand over inmate Miller, all the time looking the guard in the gun tower in the face.

He aimed the gun at me again and I just froze and waited for him to fire, but he held his fire. After I saw he was not going to fire, I pointed to where Miller lay, with two other Black inmates bending over him, and I started to walk to him very slowly . . .

I knelt so Miller could be placed on my shoulder then started to walk toward the door through which we had entered the yard, and the tower guard pointed the gun at me and shook his head. I stopped and begged him for approximately 10 minutes to let me take Miller to the hospital but all he did was shake his head.

Then I started forward with tears in my eyes, expecting to be shot down every second. The tower guard told me, "That's far enough." Then another guard gave me permission to bring Miller off the yard and I was ordered to lay him on the floor in the officers area and go to my cell, which I refused to do until Miller was taken to the hospital.

Alvin Miller bled to death before he reached

the hospital. Edwards and Nolen died on the cement floor of the yard.

Why were these three black men selected for death? W.L. Nolen was known to the Soledad authorities as a militant. He'd had many scrapes with the guards. And he knew he was doomed. Only a few weeks before his death he told his father he was to be murdered. Cleveland Edwards, in Soledad for the political crime of assaulting a police officer, was a leader among the blacks at Soledad. Alvin Miller was neither militant nor a leader, but he looked exactly like Black Panther Party member Earl Satcher, who was in the yard at the time.

Rage spread fast through the prisoner community of Soledad. Almost all the blacks, many of the Chicanos and some whites went on a hunger strike to protest the murders. A few days went past and the Monterey County Grand Jury investigated the killing. No blacks who were in the yard were allowed to testify. Some of the whites who were there were reminded by the guards before they testified, "Remember, there was a warning shot."

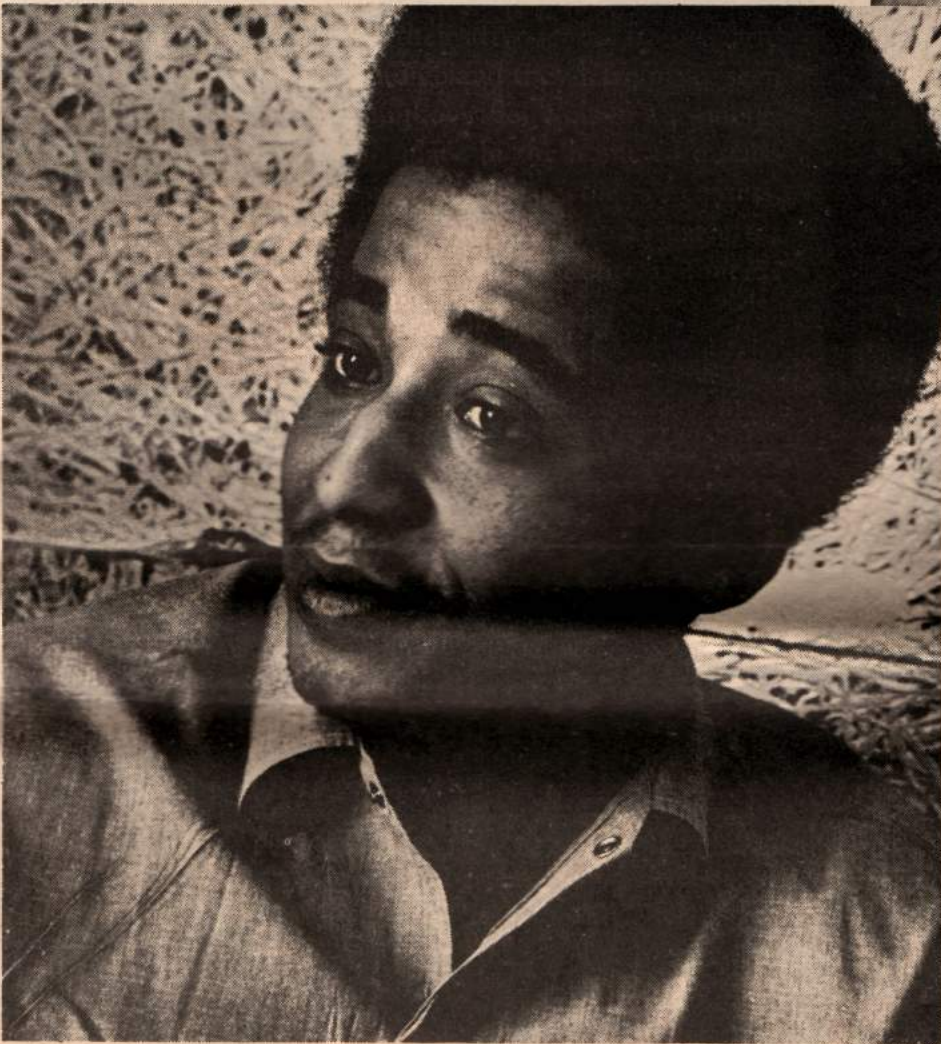
The verdict came in on January 16: justifiable homicide. The case was closed by the courts. It was reopened by the people.

Shortly after the verdict came in, a white guard was found dying in Y Wing. He had been beaten and thrown from a third floor tier to the first floor.

Then the authorities did what they always do. They locked up all the men on the block and threatened to charge each with conspiracy to murder. For 72 hours the men of Y Wing waited while the authorities conducted their "investigation." To no one's surprise, they picked out three more black brothers—strong, proud and outspoken—and accused them of murder. The three are innocent. They have denied having anything to do with the killing of the guard and said that they were nowhere near. They are now known as the Soledad Brothers.

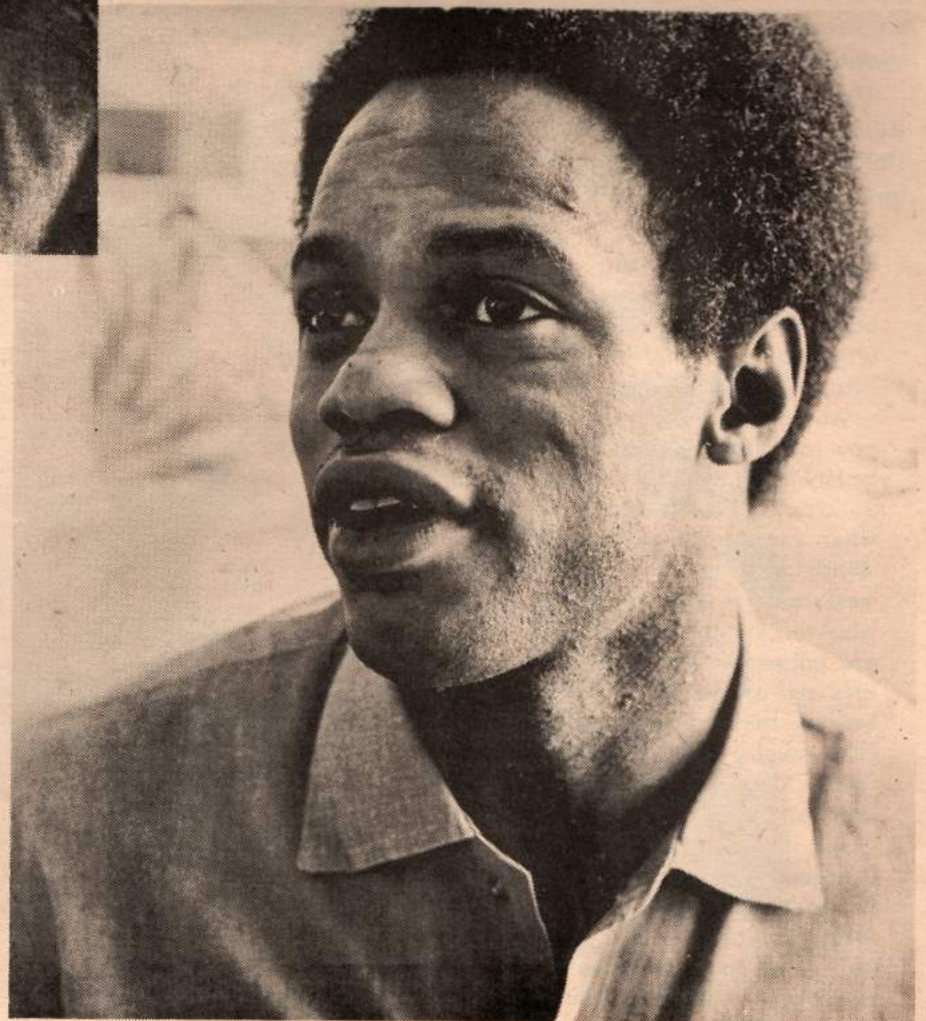


JOHN CLUCHETTE, 24, was to be paroled on April 28th, when the guard was murdered. He had spent three years in Soledad for unknowingly buying a stolen TV set.



GEORGE JACKSON, 28, has spent ten years in jail. He received an indeterminate sentence of one year to life because of his "record" as a juvenile. When he was 15 he was sent to reform school for driving without a license, because his father was not wealthy enough to hire a lawyer. Three years later he was freed, only to be sent back because he had put a down payment on a motorscooter which the police claim was stolen.

FLEETA DRUMGO, 24, has served three and a half years for burglary. He was also ready for parole last year but the parole board turned him down because he tacked up pictures of Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael on his cell wall.



When he got out of reform school he went to work as a meatcutter and earned enough to buy a secondhand car. One night he and a friend went for a ride. The friend jumped out at a service station and took \$70 from the attendant. Jackson got a one to life sentence for that even though the attendant was willing to testify that Jackson had nothing to do with the robbery. The man who did it got out two and a half years later. Jackson is still in.

He had been denied parole for eight years because he stood up and would not be broken. Once he refused to be segregated in the back row of the San Quentin television room: he was thrown in solitary for that. Another time he argued with the prison barber who was cutting his natural shorter than he wanted. He was denied parole for arguing with a prison history teacher.

He wrote to his lawyer:

What am I doing here . . . I fell into this garbage can in a narcotic stupor and they closed the lid for good.

I'm going to charge them for this, 28 years without gratification, I'm going to charge them like a maddened elephant, ears flared, trunk raised, trumpet blaring. I'll never forgive, never forget.

If I leave here alive I'll leave nothing behind, they'll never count me among the broken men, but I can't say that I am normal either. I've been hungry too long, I've gotten angry too often, I've been lied to too many times, lied on and insulted, they've pushed me over the line from which there can be no retreat. I *know* that they will not be satisfied until they've pushed me out of this existence altogether. I've been the victim of so many racist attacks that I could never relax again, my reflexes will never be normal again.

Because he received a one to life sentence his case falls under California Penal Section 4500 which requires a death sentence for any "lifer" convicted of assaulting a non-inmate who dies within a year.

This is O Wing. The authorities call it the Adjustment Center. The prisoners call it the Hole. It's where you end up if you refuse to be broken; if you refuse to be rehabilitated.

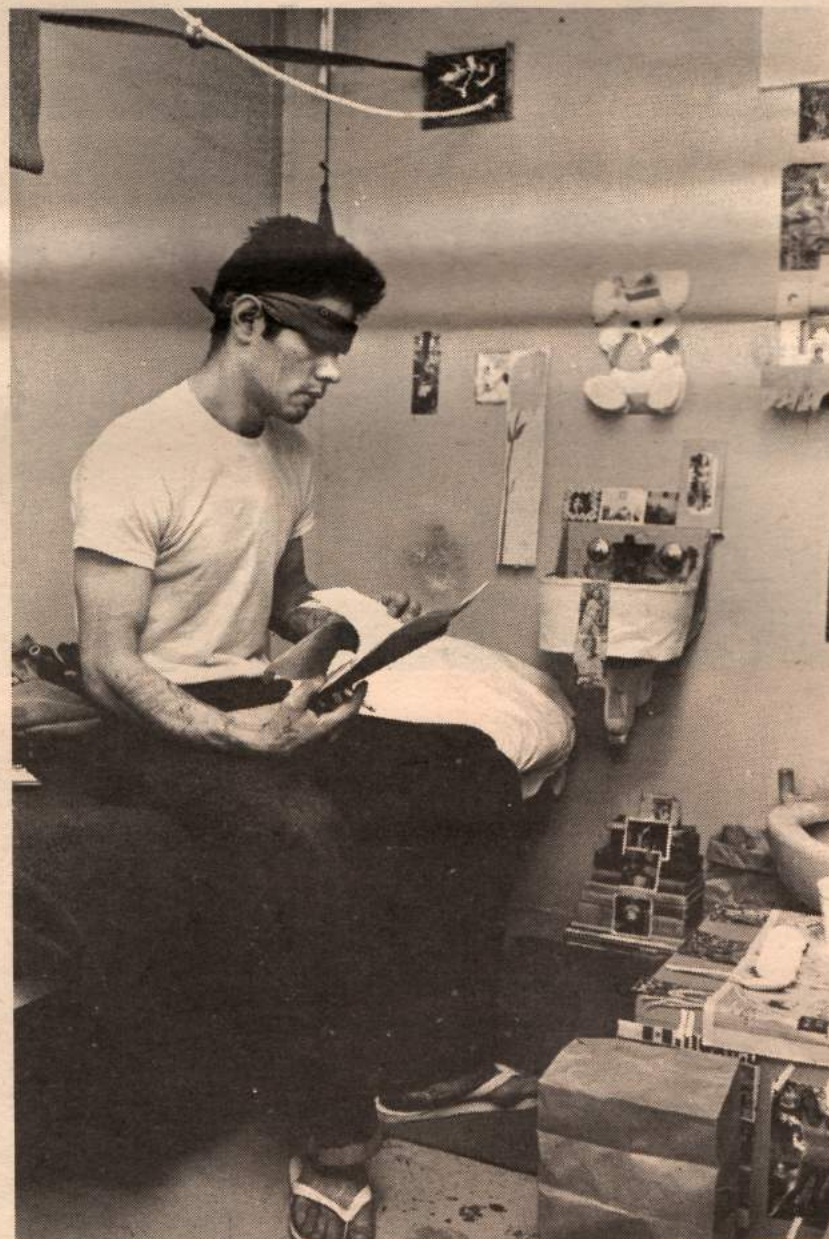
When you first come to prison, other convicts call you a "fish" until you get the hang of things. During this period of being a fish you are always under observation not only from the prison officials, but from your fellow convicts.

And during this period, depending on how you carry yourself, you're going to be labeled one of two categories, either a "regular" or "weak." The latter is what the prison authorities are constantly looking for because it is these weak inmates who will be the spys and who will get up on the stand in court and tell any kind of lies that the authorities tell them to say. They do this because they are promised a variety of gifts, ranging from a transfer to a quick release date depending on how good they can be.

But it doesn't stop here, this is where it begins. If the authorities see that the fish isn't going to be pulled down in this filth that the prison is based upon, if he's going to be a threat to their dictatorship, then they start the slow

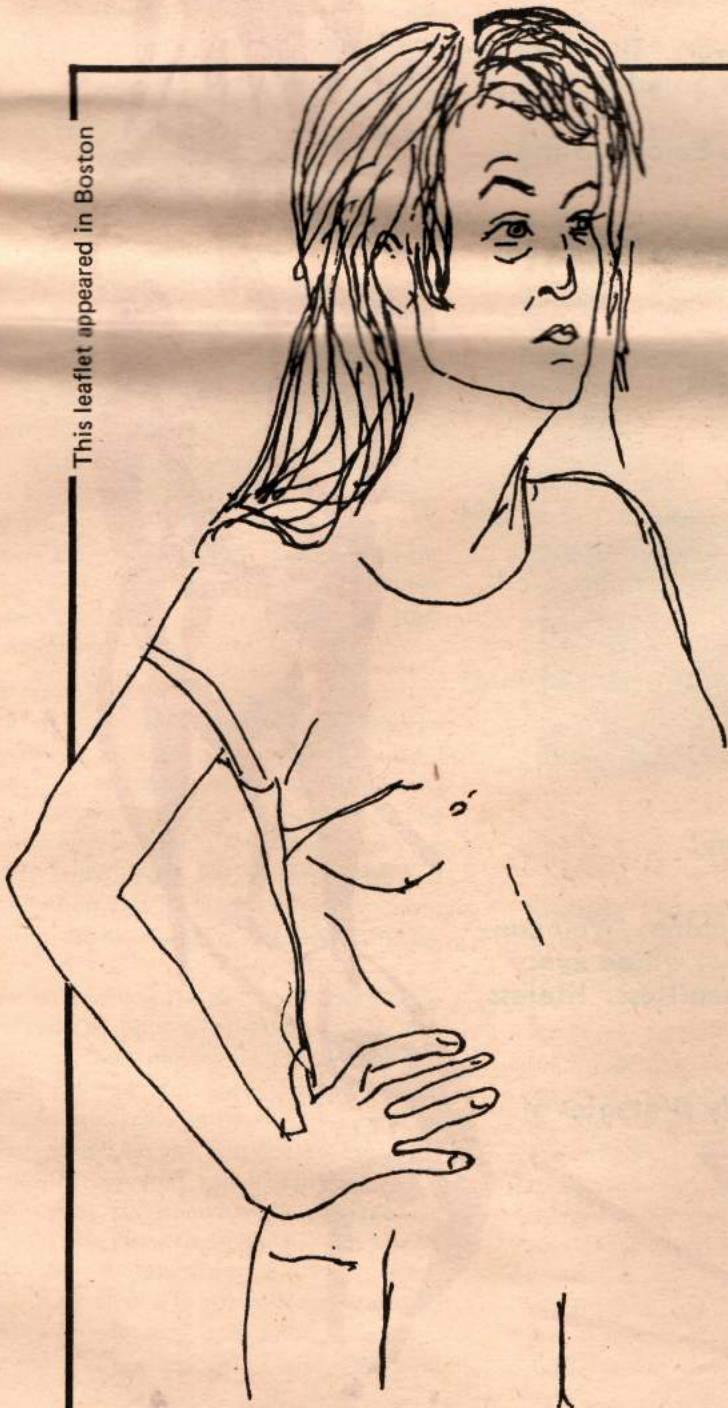


CELL IN "O" WING, SOLEDAD PRISON



MAINLINE (STANDARD) CELL, SOLEDAD PRISON

Sisters and Brothers! Please send us leaflets and literature that are of interest to you. We'd like to continue to reprint this kind of propaganda so that people all over the country can use them.



*DON'T YOU EVER
whistle, hoot,
make sucking noises
at me,
don't you do it to any
woman any more or
you're gonna get yourself
killed.*

*I'm not a dog or a piece
of meat. And nobody treats
women like that any more
And you don't either, Pig.
YOU HEAR?*

T I M L E A R Y

(The following statement was written in the POW camp and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and Brothers in the Weatherman Underground who designed and executed my liberation. Rosemary and I are now with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high and wage the revolutionary war.)

There is the time for peace and the time for war.

There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of Grim Shiva.

Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace.

The conflict which we have sought to avoid is upon us. A world-wide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival. Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it.

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life by all and every means possible against the genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic war. There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic stratagem of genocide to camouflage their wars as law and order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and the black slaves and the marijuana pogroms and the pious TWA indignation over airline hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims -- defendants of genocidal war you will not understand the rage of the blacks the fierceness of the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestinians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen, and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen Americans. Your government is an instrument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine. You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic impulse is soulless, heartless, lifeless, loveless.

In this life struggle we use the ancient holy strategies of organic life:



Resist privately, guerilla invisibility.

Resist passively, break lock-step . . . drop out.

Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground sister-hoods and brotherhoods.

Resist spiritually, stay high . . . praise god. . . love life . . . blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid . . . dose them . . . dose them.

Resist biologically, be healthy . . . erotic . . . conspire with seed . . . breed.

Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer . . . hijack planes . . . trash every lethal machine in the land.

Resist publically, announce life . . . denounce death.

Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.

Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force . . . Arm yourself and shoot to live . . . Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.



REVOLUTION

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gun-barrels were risky. We too remember Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your soul.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

Right on Leila Khaled!

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.

Listen comrades.
The liberation war
has just begun. Resist, endure,
do not collaborate.
Strike.
You will be free.

I have just finished spending the summer in jail. It could be any big city, could have been any demonstration/riot I was sentenced to 90 days for. Could be any jail.

Jail is a very educational experience, especially for young white freeks trying to grow into revolutionaries. Although by the end of the summer, I'd had quite enough of THAT kind of education, thank you, I learned a lot there. For one thing, it's the first time I've ever lived in the Black colony. Most big city jails are black — the one I was in is about 90% black. I'd gotten so used to living there that I still find it a bit weird being with white people again, with freeks who just don't know the jail experience.

The jail I was in has a lot of people in for junk and prostitution. People come and get out again real quickly — there's a very high turnover. There were only a few of us doing time — mostly under six months. It was hard, but it's not penitentiary, where people are in for years. The matrons there were not pigs — they were just black women from the community, and with the exception of the head matron were pretty good people. This varies from place to place —

like where I was where I was first busted they were total sadists, and mostly white — but here people related to them almost like mothers.

And being in jail with women is very different than what men go through. I've talked with a lot of brothers who've spent time in jail, and they were always giving me dire warnings about how much I'd have to fight just to survive. It really wasn't like that — it's not that the sisters weren't tough, or that heavy tensions didn't exist due to racism and the oppressive situation we were all in — it's just that they didn't have this whole trip of fighting to prove their manhood. I think it speaks a lot about male-female roles in Amerika that women survive imprisonment much better than men. The emphasis was on people helping each other out, not fucking each other over. It was also easier for us than it is for many white people because the other prisoners dug what we were in for — white women doing time for beating on pigs — so they didn't just see us as honkies, though there were definite tensions, because the jail tried to set us apart and give us more privileges, etc.

One of the main reasons I'd have to fight and prove myself a tough motherfucker, men told me, was so I wouldn't get gangbanged (taken advantage of sexually) by the other

inmates. That was total jive! For one thing, women just do not rape each other! (Or rape men, for that matter.) Homosexuality in jail was something that women got into to survive, something to build warmth and human closeness. Because most people were in for such a short time, not many got into it. But those who did didn't force it on anyone — they relied on cooperation, not coercion. When two women started making it, they became a couple, and other people would cover for them — no hassle, no putdown or anything like that. Some people were already into it before they came in, especially prostitutes, which I can understand because the only way men related to them was as a cunt, not as any kind of human being at all.

There was a lot of shit in that jail though. It came more from the nature of that institution than the individuals who worked there — at least that's how it was in the women's section, it probably was harder on the men. It was an unstated purpose of the institution, like all institutions in this country, to break the people's spirits, break their will to fight. The best example I can think of is this woman I knew, a really strong, together person I dug a lot. She was just finishing a 90 day sentence for shoplifting, and she was all excited about going home — her old lady was coming to get her, she was giving everyone her address, she was finally going home. She got as far as the front gate when ZAP! "Honey, you ain't going nowhere." The pigs had held a warrant for violation of probation the whole time she was in, and then chosen to spring it on her just as she was leaving. They took her over to the county jail, and I never saw her again. That kind of shit happens all the time, and I really think it's calculated. I mean, just how much can people take before they explode (and are promptly sent down to the penitentiary) or break or become so caught up in bitterness that it all seems hopeless? People have an incredible will to fight that's really beautiful, and black people have been fighting for their survival for 400 years. It scares the shit out of the Man — he can't understand it, and he does everything in his power to destroy it.

One thing the Man uses to break people is smack. In the jail I was in, there were a lot of people in for smack — some even turned themselves in for 30 days to kick. I talked to a lot of women who were dope addicts, and we rapped about different drugs. Like we'd all started out with reefer, but they'd gotten into smack while I'd gone on to acid and mesc. There's so much smack in the black community, it's incredible. And the



Wendy Witch

people I talked with — they didn't dig it, they knew it was killing them. There was this one woman I talked with who was a really beautiful, funny smart person who'd been a junkie for eight years. She had scars and abscesses all over her body from the cheap shit they sell on the streets. She was really scared that she would never completely kick — it was all around her. Giving her an abstract rap about revolution would have been totally meaningless, not to mention racist. She knew it all, knew more than me because her whole life had been that oppression. She knew that there is a revolution, that it's necessary — shit, every person in that jail was conscious of that. It was a matter of kicking the man and the man's junk off her back, and that's a real hard thing to do. Some people finally do kick, but most people keep coming back, back to jail, because it's everywhere on the streets.

In some ways I can understand why people get strung out — it's a way of deadening and fading the oppression around you, but in the end it comes around and kills you. I think the people need to declare total war on smack, and the mafioso/government pushers, because it's one of the heaviest counterrevolutionary forces around. I've seen it and it's so destructive of people, it isolates them from each other, it's a slow day by day dying. (It's also interesting that at the point that the white youth community started getting more revolutionary was the point that there

was a tremendous influx of junk into the free scene. There wasn't so much junk in the Black community, either, until the 50s, around the onset of the civil rights movement and growing black consciousness.)

A couple of women had taken acid, but most of them were scared to try it. I talked about how it was a whole intensification of reality, not a fantasy. We figured that in a lot of ways it was a white drug, because young white people can get into tripping in much more liberated surroundings. Can you dig on what it would be like tripping in the ghetto with rats and roaches and pigs kicking down your front door? The women who'd done it had even tripped in jail (there were all kinds of drugs in there) and had been hallucinating in bars and the gigantic roaches that live there, and being locked up. It sounded really frightening — she hadn't dug it too much either!

There's a whole way people have of surviving in jail, of making their life in jail a continuation of life outside. People get tight together, cheer the pigs being shot outside, try to keep in touch with their people. One thing I found really gave me a lot of strength was music. Everyone listened to the local soul station on the radio, which played some really good jams. We got into dancing, and just lying there and letting the music carry you back to the outside. The things we take most for granted on the outside are the things we miss most in jail — getting

stoned, making love, eating edible food, listening to live music. The first thing I did when I got out was to get really high with some friends, and listen to all my favorite records.

Sometimes, despite everything people do to survive, it gets incredibly hard. A lot of that's the fault of people on the outside who forget their brothers and sisters in jail. One woman was in because no one would put up a \$10 bond for her. That's hard to swallow. My cellmate had a boyfriend when she came in, and at first he wrote all the time, then the letters trailed off, and we started getting vibes that he had another woman. I know how it feels now, because the same thing happened to me — my old man mysteriously vanished into thin air, despite promises to come see me when I got out. That shit really hurts — if your brothers and sisters are only going to stick by you when things are cool, and then desert you when it gets hard, there's something WRONG!

There's a whole lot of beautiful people in the jails and prisons of Amerika. They might be forgotten, but they don't forget — no one comes out of the jails without a healthy amount of hatred in them for the system that put them there. Ho Chi Minh said something about freeing the prisoners and unleashing the dragon that will destroy the imperialist monster. . . and the basis is there. The years of oppression are turning into a real rage, and one day it's going to explode. by CALAMITY JANE

JUST ONCE

How many cars can you steal,
my friend?
Before it just doesn't seem real.
The answer is once, just once my
friend
The answer is just once.

How many pills can you take, my
friend
before that fatal mistake?
How many times---my friend
Oh how many times?
The answer is once, just once
my friend
The answer is just once.

How many times must you fail
dear friend?
How many times must you fail?
The answer is once, just once
dear friend
The answer is just once.

Now that you've failed and you are
in jail
how many times, will you say I'll
never come back
yet return in worse shape to pray,
for the courage you lacked.
Too many times to just count, my friend.
Too many times to just count.

How many times, must you wind up
in jail?
How many times can you make bail?
How many times can you go to jail,
make bail and never fail, dear friend?
The answer is just once, dear friend
The answer is just once.

mickey
Milpitas Jail
April, 1970



process of "breaking" the convict.

First starts the harassment. One or more police will come into your cell while you're away and start tearing it apart. If you have personal pictures of your family, you're libel to find them either torn or in your toilet and perhaps your letters will be torn or missing. This is all done to get you to "blow it" so they have a reason then to write a 115 disciplinary report on you. But if you don't blow up, then they scheme harder.

from a letter by a white Soledad inmate

Eventually the man "blows it" and ends up on O Wing.

Take an innocent con out of this general population setting and bring him to any part of O Wing (of which Max Row is a part—the worst part). He will be cuffed, chained, belted, pressured by the police who think that every convict should be an informer, he will be pressured by the white cons to join their racist brand of politics. Three weeks is enough. The strongest hold out no more than a couple of weeks.

It destroys the logical processes of the mind, a man's thoughts become completely disorganized. The noise, madness streaming from every throat, frustrated sounds from the walls, the steel trays, the iron beds bolted to the wall, the hollow sounds from a cast iron sink or toilet.

The smells, the human waste thrown at us, unwashed bodies, the rotten food. When a white con leaves here he's ruined for life, and no Black leaves Max Row walking. Either he leaves on the meat wagon or he leaves crawling licking at the pig's feet.

from a letter from George Jackson

Over O Wing hangs the fear that no one will ever know what has happened to you. For three weeks, the Soledad authorities kept the outside world from knowing the whereabouts of the Soledad Brothers. It was John Cluchette who finally got a note out to his parents which said simply, "Help! Life in Danger."

Help for the Brothers has not just come from the outside. Hundreds of Soledad residents have contributed to the Defense Fund from their 2¢ an hour wages for working in the prison factories. Others are writing to the Brothers' lawyers volunteering information about the conditions inside and about the murders of the inmates in the exercise yard.

Seven black prisoners were recently put in O Wing for organizing support for the Soledad Brothers Defense Committee. Four white inmates were charged with assaulting a guard after they refused to go along with a "set up"—a plan by the guards to have Jackson attacked and killed. They have been acquitted by a Salinas, California, jury.

A white inmate living in the cell next to Jackson's was slipped a knife while their cells were unlocked because he was known to the guards as a "Nazi." The man—who has spent many hours talking to Jackson—picked up the knife, walked toward Jackson, embraced him as a brother, told him what the guards had done, and walked back to his cell.

A political rebellion is going on at Soledad, at San Quentin, at Folsom. The residents of these communities are no longer willing to be

tortured by sadistic guards and fascist prison authorities. They are forming study groups to educate themselves, they are writing demands for fundamental changes inside the prison wall; they are resisting all attempts to divide the whites, Mexican-Americans, and blacks.

Like Fleeta Drumgo, many prisoners describe themselves as "soldiers of the people." Recently seven more black brothers were charged with the death of a second white guard at Soledad.

The walls cannot contain the surge for liberation going on inside the prisons of this country. Racism, the tool of the administrators, has turned against them; it has produced unity among the prisoners. George Jackson describes what is going on:

Before, the whites were threatened and we were threatened, and we were just at each other's throats . . . It was really a case of the prison administration using convicts to strengthen and maintain their own position. Racism is the control mechanism.

The recent success is due to outside

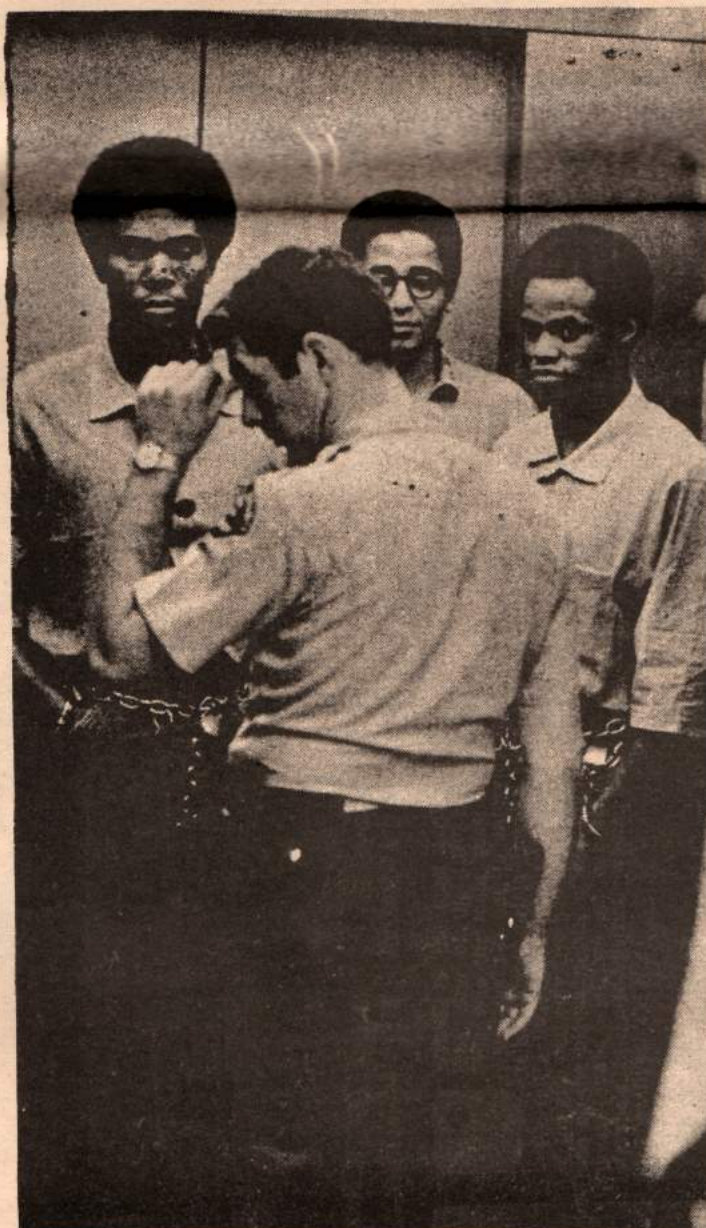
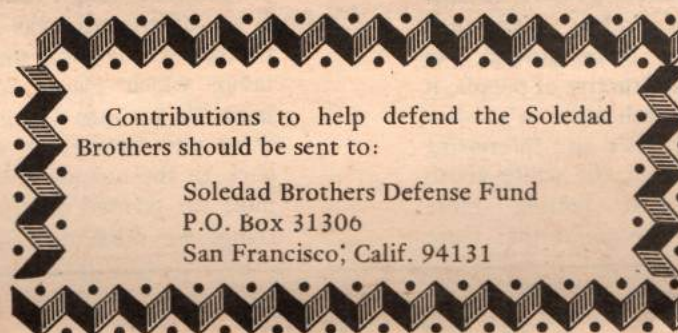
support and the attention that revolutionary circles are giving men in prison. It's had a profound effect on the efforts to unite the prison population.

The Blacks have recently veered away from the Muslim ideology. In the early 60's, when I first came to the joint, the Blacks were to some extent responsible for the racism, because we leveled both barrels at the white convicts. Of course, we didn't initiate it. We merely responded. Responded in a way that precluded any unity.

But recently, since Huey Newton and Bobby Seale and the Black leftists have come in here from the community and the streets, it has been reflected right here in the joint. It's gone from just "brother" to "comrade" and from Black to just people. The white convicts have stopped feeling threatened and they're able to respond to the new approach.

If we can reach each other through all this: fences, fear, concrete, steel, barbed wire, guns—then history will commend us for a great victory won. ●

Bob Gabriner



Promised Land

foreign aid. Israel gets 10% of *all* aid going to under-developed countries. In proportion to the population, Israel in 1969 got 20 times more aid than any other under-developed country. The reason for this favored treatment is to build a strong state that can help the west to control Arab resources and to corner the Arab consumer market. In addition the west is trying to make Israel a show case for capitalist "democracy" and is also trying to prevent the social conflicts that exist within the Jewish community from becoming dangerous to the Zionists' power.

5

The Zionists never tried to cooperate with the Arab population in Palestine. In order to protect the job opportunities of Jewish workers, Arab workers were denied the right to work, so that by 1947 there was not one Arab worker in the city of Tel Aviv. In 1944 a rumor spread that a few Arab workers were employed at the back of a cafe in Tel Aviv. When the Zionists heard about it a crowd of thousands smashed the cafe windows and broke up its furniture. Arab farmers were also prevented from selling their produce in the "Jewish" market. These practices became routine as the Zionist Trade Union Federation required its members to pay two special dues: 1) "For Jewish labor." Funds for organizing pickets against the employment of Arab workers, and 2) "For Jewish produce." For organizing the boycott of Arab produce. These economic programs combined with the Zionist military support of the British suppression of the 1936 Arab uprising demonstrated the hostility of the Zionists to the social rights of the Palestinian Arabs.

6

Israel is no peaceful little state. Starting in 1947, terrorist raids by the Israeli "Defense" Force drove the Palestinians from their towns and villages. Israel still opposes by force the return of the refugees uprooted from their homes, *many of whom are still in concentration camps inside Israel.* Israel joined Britain and France in attacking Egypt to punish it for nationalizing the Suez canal. Then in 1967 Israel managed to convince world opinion that it was waging a defensive war. However, today we know that "the military deployment of the Egyptians on the eve of the war was of a defensive nature" (President Levi Eshkol), and that Nasser was "bluffing and had no intention of attacking Israel" (General Rabin, *Le Monde*). In fact, Generals Dayan and Yaariv deliberately organized a campaign of hysteria in order to force their government to wage war and to bring about a coalition between the liberals and the right wing in the Israeli government.

7

Israel is not a small, weak and defenseless country. It is the strongest military power in the area. When totally mobilized, Israel has as many soldiers as the three biggest nearby Arab countries. It has more tank men and pilots than all the Arab countries together.

This military superiority is propped up with arms, stocks and money from the U.S., West Germany, Britain, Australia, South Africa and France. Israel is even capable of producing nuclear weapons.

8

Israel is a colonial power. Since 1967, it has militarily occupied the West Bank of Jordan, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights and the Sinai Peninsula. The civilian populations in these areas are fighting against a foreign invader. The invader, Israel, has set up economic systems that favor Israel, and a political administration that brutally puts down any rebellion. (Israel put down with tanks a demonstration by school children in Nablus, and fired on crowds of women outside concentration camps in Gaza).

9

Israel is not a socialist country. It is the strongest supporter of capitalism in the Middle East. The top 10% of the population take as much of the national income as the bottom 50% of the population.

The famous kibbutzim where property is owned by the community, account for only 3% of the population. They are not communist colonies economically. They depend on the banks for credit and on paid labor (often Arabs). They are closer to armed outposts of conquered territory than socialist experiments.

10

Israel is Not a democratic state. It is a racist and religious separatist state based on the expulsion of the native population and the oppression of those who remain. It allows any Jew to "return" to Israel, but doesn't let the Palestinians return. Despite its supposedly pro-Jewish structures, it discriminates against non-European Jews who are denied equal access to jobs, education and social opportunities.

The Arabs in Israel are subjected to the Defense Emergency Regulations that were put into effect by the British in 1945 and have been expanded by the Israeli government since "independence." These laws permit the military authorities to expel or jail any citizen for any length of time without trial. The Israeli "Defense" Force has full jurisdiction over the occupied territories (ie, is the only court of law in these areas) and dynamites homes of suspected guerrillas and tortures prisoners at will. When the Defense Regulations were applied to the Palestinian Jews before the creation of Israel, Minister of Justice Shapira observed that "even in Nazi Germany there were no laws of this kind."

11

Israel does not want peace. The "peace" it wants means the Arab acceptance of conquest; of racist policies; of the grinding oppression of the Status Quo. This is the same kind of peace that the U.S. government wants in Vietnam—better known as "pacification."

12

Zionism offers no future to the Jewish population of Israel except one of war. The only solution for the Hebrew speaking inhabitants of Palestine can be found when Israelis integrate their future into an Arab world free of exploitation, of colonial and imperialist domination. It is only by joining the Arab and Palestinian revolution that the Israelis of this area can achieve their democratic and human rights. The Palestinians have demonstrated their dedication to this idea in proposing the concept of a democratic state for Arabs, Jews, and Christians.

13

The struggle of the Palestinian people for control of their homeland has nothing to do with anti-Jewish prejudice. It is a natural response of an oppressed people. But more than

this the Palestinian and Arab opposition to Israel is a defensive measure taken against Israel's expansionism and record of support for imperialism.

We have already mentioned Israel's role in the 1956 invasion of Egypt, but Israel has supported the imperialists where its own interests were in no way at stake. Israel supported the U.S. in its war against Korea, and recently Moshe Dayan visited American troops in Vietnam, no doubt to exchange trade secrets. In 1958, Israel permitted the British RAF to fly over its territory in order to suppress the Iraqi revolution, and at the same time supported France in its war against the Algerians. These examples prove that Israel has gladly accepted the role of "policeman" of the Middle East, and that the Arab revolutionaries are prudent in seeking to remove this counterrevolutionary state from their midst.

14

The enemies of the Palestinian peoples are not confined to Washington, London and Tel Aviv. The guerrilla organizations have been repeatedly attacked by the reactionary Arab governments, and particularly the mercenary armies of Jordan's King Hussein. These Arab governments oppose the guerrilla movements because they understand that a Palestinian victory will eliminate their usefulness to the imperialist powers whose these countries as military bases or as places to get cheap natural resources and sell expensive finished goods. When the Palestinians overthrow the Zionist state, neither Jewish or Arab exploiters will be welcome in Palestine.

15

The Palestinian people are fighting a just struggle for control of their homeland. Like the Vietnamese, they are part of the worldwide battle against imperialism. Abu Yasser, a revolutionary and father of a fighter in Fateh, explains the meaning of the Palestinian cause:

"In the old days the Americans were not against us—the British were. We were not afraid of the Jews and the forces of the Jews, but of the British.

"When the British ruled Palestine, there were always taxes. We had to work all the time and then pay it all in taxes.

"We followed the same way of resistance then—many times we rose up and fought the British for our rights. The whole people were fighting, even the women and old men. The women in our area stopped two tanks with stones.

"In 1936 the traitors were the Arab kings. The revolt failed because the kings were talking about peace settlements, asking us to make a truce with the Jews and the English. The kings sold us out—sold us like goods in a store.

"This revolution will never fail as that one did. There are educated people now, and they receive help from friends. Now we use machine guns; then we had to sell our cows to buy even an old rifle.

"Can the rulers sell us out again? No. Times have changed and we will never permit it. We are independent now.

"When I came to Lebanon, the Arab kings said that we would have to stay here only a month or two, or maybe a year.

"After a while I became desperate. But then I saw that the revolution had come, everything changed.

"Now I have 100% hope.

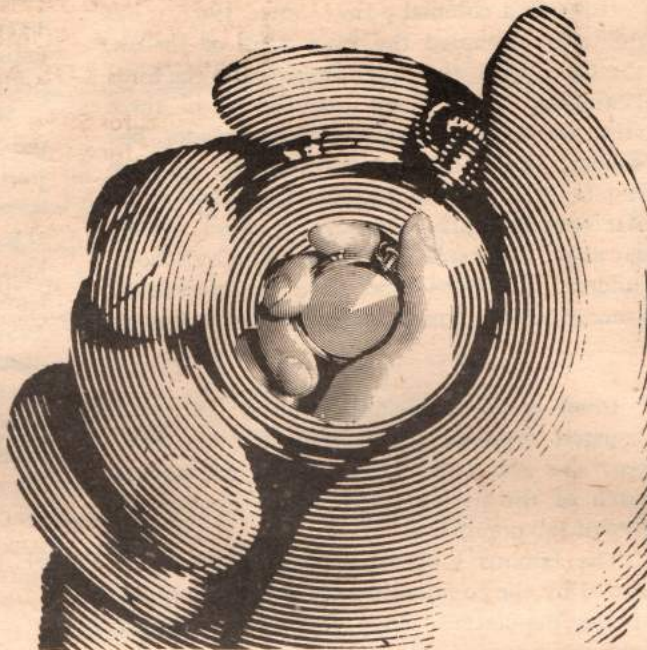
"There is no real Israel. It's just America as it used to be Britain. And we can win against America." ●

I'd like you to know my reaction to the Cuba issue. The cartoon form is great and it's got some very good things in it, but it's got a very bad case of male chauvinism. You'd almost think there are no women in Cuba. And none that fought in the revolution (I never heard of a woman being "barbuda"). And that Cuba didn't have the problem of women's liberation to deal with. The issue reflects the same attitude of the film "Fidel"—except that the film makes some minor effort to deal with the liberation of women. The issue doesn't even do that. If the Cubans aren't dealing thoroughly with women's liberation, can't that be said? Or would that destroy the shining image? Or maybe if the Cubans are *macho* that's okay? Were you just completely unaware of the chauvinism or did you feel that the question was too much for "beginners" to handle? That title is another thing I didn't like.

After that fantastic issue on women, I think people could sit down and do a little self-criticism on this one. I'd appreciate seeing an explanation, or a defense, or self-criticism, or *something* presented in the next issue.

In Struggle,
Ellen Hawley

Right on, sister. When we had edited out the "silly" women and the "evil" women, there wasn't much left. Our history has been stolen from us. . . .



. . . We admire your newspaper, particularly the last issue on Cuba. All praises to the editors. The one thing we felt could have been more emphasized in the cartoons was the history of the people as distinct from diplomatic history. We felt there is still too much emphasis on the leaders and treaties in both Cuba and the US.

Sarah Spinks,
*This Magazine is About
Schools*
Toronto, Canada

WE ARE THE GOOD AND LOYAL OPPOSITION

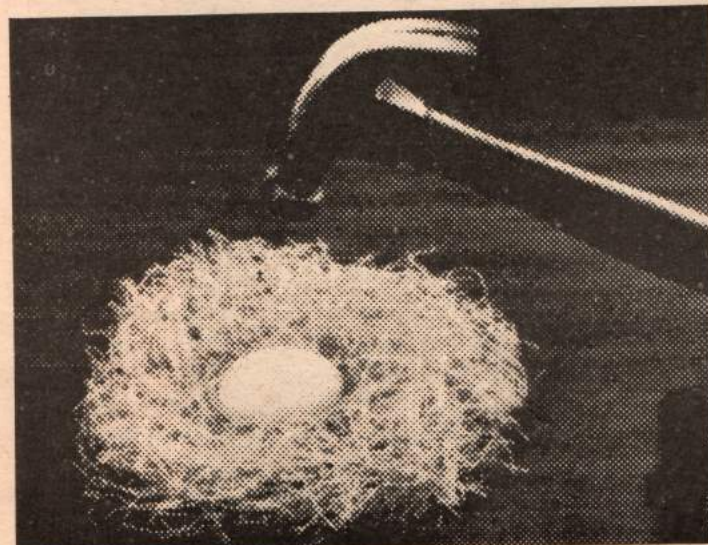
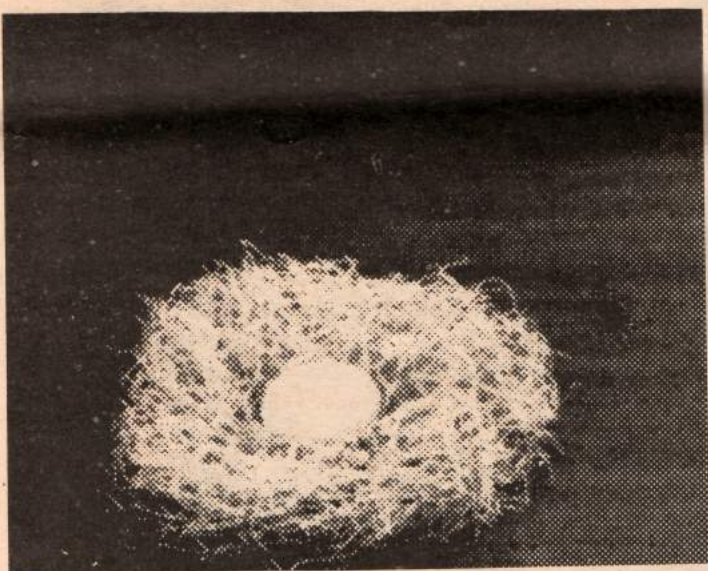
Everyday I receive requests for money from my brothers and sisters throughout the country for defense funds. I still send what I can but am beginning to feel quite guilty about helping the System suck up the few lousy dollars that the left is able to contribute. Each dollar from any of us usually represents sacrifice, even deprivation, and pouring life blood (money) back into the System is unrevolutionary.

There are only four ways out of prison for a revolutionary:

- (1) to be taken out by the armed force of fellow revolutionaries;
- (2) in a prisoner exchange for a member of the enemy;
- (3) by ransom when it is money taken from the enemy;
- (4) escape by one's own devising.

To accept release paid for with money from any source, except the enemy, or to treat with the enemy as though his laws, courts or physical violence were legitimate is immoral and unrevolutionary.

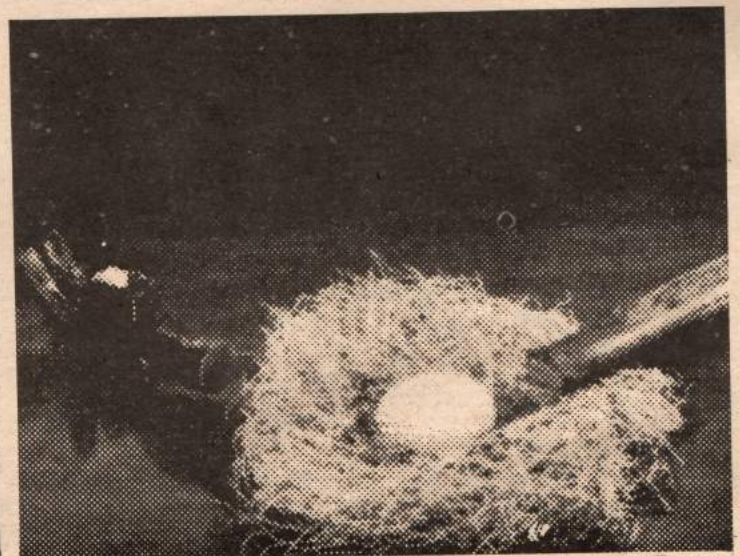
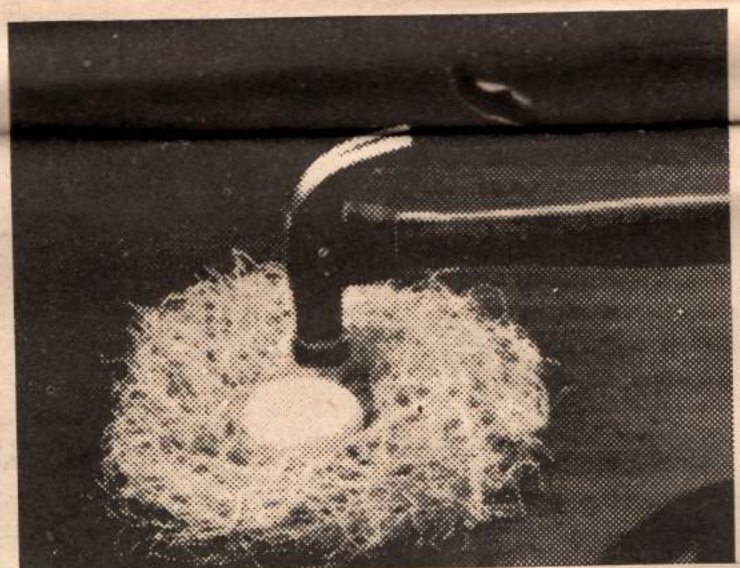
Love,
(Mrs.) Ruby Ely



JANIS JOPLIN

They used to laugh at me in high school—I didn't even know for what, man. I read poetry and I was a painter. I didn't want to just be married. I had aspirations that only guys are supposed to have . . . They weren't the people for me—I got out and finally found the people for me . . . When we're not on-stage, we rehearse, lay around in bed, check in and out of motels, watch television. It really is lonely . . . I live for that one hour on stage. It's full of feeling . . . It's a rush, honey . . .

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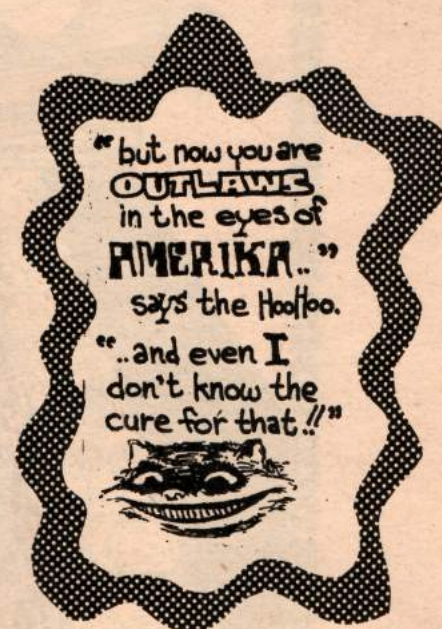
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